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THE NATION

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WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

BUBBLE OF UNREALITY

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

The Warren Commission Report/part two

TESTIMONY OF THE EYEWITNESSES

FRED J. COOK

MARXIST HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION . . . JAMES O'CONNOR

HINTERLAND THEATRE: PACIFIC COAST . . . JULIUS NOVICK

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LETTERS

golden road to peace

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I applaud Robert Garretson's peaceful sentiments in "The Ruble-Dollar Road to Peace" [*The Nation,* May 16] but question his reliance on material wealth to produce a durable peace. If by the year 2000 "even" China would not want war because it would have reached the economic levels of the U.S. in 1929, then what is the latter doing in Vietnam in 1966? True, the Administration says that the U.S. is there to defend freedom, not for material gains.

Let us take another example: Germany on the eve of World War II. That nation had reached the material levels that would presumably encourage China to desire peace a half century hence. What made Germany go to war in 1941? True, Mr. Garretson is thinking of a nuclear war in which there could be no victor. But we have no reason to believe that the present blessed state of nuclear stalemate might not be obliterated one day by a new breakthrough (real or imaginary) to weaponry. . . . And this seems to be what weakens Mr. Garretson's essay: instead of meeting the cold war issues head-on, it skips them. Its thesis seems to be that as the U.S. and the USSR inch toward multitrillion economies, their philosophical and ideological theories would change, presumably for the better, and finally coalesce. And as the two tigers see more eye to eye, the dragon must have second thoughts before fuming, especially since it would probably before long be on its yuan-road to affluence. But these different roads to abundance do not run in isolation; they are getting in one another's way. This is how the whole issue of war and peace in our time has arisen. And it seems that we cannot wait for the arrival of great wealth (with perhaps a few non-nuclear wars thrown in) to improve our philosophical and ideological levels. It may be too late then. In short, we cannot avoid thinking about philosophical and ideological questions—*now*. [See "The Ideological Vacuum," *The Nation,* Apr. 18.] Mr. Garretson would help us in thinking about peace if he would clarify the relationship between moral and intellectual values on one hand and the means of achieving economic prosperity on the other. Hasn't it been a truism since the end of the 19th century that man's technological expertise has lost touch with his moral intelligence and that this estrangement is what's making "progress" so dubious, even frightening? *H. L. Hsiu*

abject objectives

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: The Chicago *Sun-Times* (June 2) inadvertently (?) offered a lulu for word coiners. As quoted, the President confidently expects "we will achieve our *abjectives*" in Vietnam. . . . And if you read elsewhere in the same issue, it begins to look as if our objectives are indeed abject.

On the same page it says that South Vietnamese citizens (on whose invitation our troops are supposed to have come) vented fire and hate on our consulate in Hué and on our President's paper effigy; that a line of twenty gasoline-soaked Buddhist nuns and monks were ominously brandishing matches.

In the business section they write that stocks sank because Tuesday's Vietnam "peace scare" made free enterprisers nervous. And Walter Lippmann's column headed "The Prelude to Disaster" has our President taking "a reckless gamble" in this "dismal and bloody stalemate. . . ." Lippmann asserts that our country's future hinges critically on one man's ability to "master his pride" and preserve his "personal reputation. . . ."

(Continued on page 748)

EDITORIALS

When Is News News?

Everyone concerned about freedom of the press and the ethics of journalism in an era of cold war must be grateful to managing editor Clifton Daniel of *The New York Times* for spreading on the record (June 2) the full story of the coverage of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Mr. Daniel's account, given before the World Press Institute in St. Paul, will be pondered by historians and journalists; adding to our knowledge of what happened, it may help to avert similar disasters in the future.

Mr. Daniel starts off by saying that it was an editorial in *The Nation* (November 19, 1960) that first brought the preparations for the invasion to the attention of the *Times.* He quotes at length from the editorial, which dealt with a visit to Guatemala by Dr. Ronald Hilton, director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University. Dr. Hilton informed *The Nation* that the Central Intelligence Agency had acquired a large tract of land in the interior of the country where, under heavy guard, Cuban counterrevolutionaries were training for the forthcoming invasion. The *Times* sent Paul Kennedy, its correspondent in Central America, to check on the story. Kennedy's confirmation appeared in the *Times* on January 10, 1961: everything Hilton had reported was true, and the facts were now known to both the *Times* and *The Nation,* including an attempted brush-off by the authorities in Guatemala when Kennedy began his investigation.

As the invasion date neared, the *Times* was in a quandary. Stories by Tad Szulc, the paper's veteran Latin American correspondent, were "considerably" toned down in an effort to tell as much as possible without jeopardizing the success of the operation and the lives of the anti-Castro Cubans. After a dummy for the front page of the *Times* for April 7, 1961, was changed, Ted Bernstein, the assistant managing editor on night duty, and Lew Jordan, the news editor, went into the office of managing editor Turner Catledge to remonstrate. Mr. Catledge recalls that Jordan's face was dead white, and he was quivering with emotion —surely an unusual condition for the news editor of a great metropolitan daily. Jordan and Bernstein protested that "never before had the front-page play in *The New York Times* been changed for reasons of policy." Catledge, himself "flaming mad," called in Orvil Dryfoos, the publisher. Mr. Dryfoos explained that his reasons "were those of national security, national interest and, above all, concern for the safety of the men who were preparing to offer their lives on the beaches of Cuba." The reference to the imminence of the invasion stayed in, however. The principal change was the elimination of the multi-column head, but that was important; as Jordan now says, "a multi-column head in this paper means so much."

At this stage several magazine stories, including one scheduled for *The New Republic,* were killed at the insistence of the White House. After the ill-conceived invasion had failed, President Kennedy at first took the *Times* to task for its disclosures, but later he changed his mind. He said to Catledge, "If you had printed more about the operation

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you would have saved us from a colossal mistake," and to Dryfoos he said, "I wish you had run everything on Cuba. . . . I am just sorry you didn't tell it all at the time." Daniel's view now is that the Bay of Pigs operation might never have occurred "if *The New York Times* and other newspapers had been more diligent in the performance of their duty—their duty to keep the public informed on matters vitally affecting our national honor and prestige, not to mention our national security."

At one point in the discussion between Catledge and the President, the former pointed out that the information had appeared in *The Nation* before it was picked up by the *Times*. "But it was not news until it appeared in the *Times*," was President Kennedy's comment. That is a mistake that others have made before and that is still being made. News is news, whether it appears in *The New York Times* or elsewhere.

The Meredith Ambush

On the theme, "To Fulfill These Rights," 2,600 invited delegates gathered in Washington on June 1 for the White House Conference on Civil Rights (see article by Robert Sherrill p. 734 this issue). Simultaneously with these carefully controlled proceedings, James Meredith was preparing to walk from Memphis, Tenn., to Jackson, Miss., likewise "to fulfill these rights." He had hardly crossed the state line when he was shot in the back. The situation in Hernando, Miss., proved to be quite different from that in Washington—the difference between the redneck's shotgun and the soothing words of well-fed officials and leaders.

James Meredith had succeeded in desegregating the University of Mississippi in 1962, but under protection of federal marshals and at the cost of two lives in the rioting which accompanied his matriculation. He had returned to Mississippi only once since his graduation, more or less surreptitiously, to attend the funeral of his father. Meredith knows his Mississippi, and his march had a twofold purpose born of that knowledge. He wanted to conquer his own fear and, by inspiring Mississippi Negroes to register to vote, to help them conquer their fears.

Meredith did not embark on his project in any foolhardy fashion. He wrote to Governor Paul B. Johnson and the sheriffs of all the counties on his route to apprise them of his schedule. The Governor ignored the letter and only one sheriff replied. His was the last county along the projected route; Meredith was shot in the first.

In that county—De Soto—Meredith and his companions were accorded only perfunctory protection. Meredith was assaulted verbally by whites before the shooting took place; by Mississippi custom, any and all abuse of a Negro by a white man is allowable, although the reverse would be unthinkable. The Negroes who came out to greet Meredith were scared, and with good reason; they came nevertheless. A carload of FBI men followed the little procession in their familiar role of observers. They were there to witness shooting, not to forestall it, still less to do any shooting themselves.

After the crime had been committed, Governor Johnson wrung his hands, deploring both the violence and Meredith's

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invasion of his native state. It was a "very, very foolish thing for him to have done," the Governor said, availing himself of the time-honored reproach of the oppressors against the oppressed. No one knows better than a Southern governor how much easier it is to blame the violated than the violator, and many in all parts of the country will wholeheartedly agree. Their overriding concern is for tranquillity —on their own terms.

The ambush of Meredith has blown sky-high the "bubble of unreality" that was the White House Conference. New civil rights legislation will not help as long as Washington is unwilling to enforce, with vigor and resolve, the existing legislation. What is lacking in Washington is an honest determination at all levels, including the Presidency, to do something, now, about lawlessness in Mississippi.

Arm-Twisting Arms Salesmen

It seems sometimes that William C. Foster, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense, cannot possibly be serving the same government. Perhaps President Johnson should arrange a meeting between the two, so that Mr. Foster will know what Mr. McNamara knows, and vice versa. The only difficulty is that Mr. McNamara seems to have been trying to change his public image, so that Mr. Foster may be more puzzled after an exchange of views than before.

Lately, his eyes piously cast skyward, Mr. Foster has complained that world arms costs exceeded $130 billion in 1964, the last year for which statistics are available. Dividing this figure by the world population, Mr. Foster finds that $40 is being spent for each human being—including centenarians, babes in arms and adults whose annual income totals less than this amount. Mr. Foster finds this state of affairs distressing, and so it is, but if he would only read past issues of *The Nation,* he would discover that the Pentagon is the biggest hawker of arms in the world. If Mr. Foster does not wish to take *The Nation*'s word for it, he can find similar data in McGraw-Hill's *Business Week*; revealing figures are furnished in the October 9, 1965, and other issues. The Pentagon, *Business Week* reports, is the world's top seller of arms, and since 1962 had secured orders, commitments and options from foreign countries totaling $9 billion for U.S. defense contractors.

Some of these commitments have required hard selling, but Henry J. Kuss, Jr., deputy assistant secretary of defense for international logistics negotiations, is that sort of salesman. When he requires help, Secretary McNamara himself is ready to jump into the breach. In an editorial in *The New York Times* (June 6) Robert Kleiman tells how Mr. McNamara laid down the law to West German Defense Minister Kai Uwe von Hassel at the Pentagon on May 13. Bonn, it appears, is not buying enough military hardware from Uncle Sam, and doesn't like some of the stuff it has been getting. (Its 700-plane fleet of American F-104G Starfighter jets has accounted for fifty-six crashes and thirty pilot deaths.) The chief dispute, however, is quantitative. The West Germans pledged themselves to buy military hardware in the amount of $1.35 billion during the two-year period ending June 30, 1967, and still have $600 million to go on that obligation. They are trying to renege, if that is not too harsh a word, on the balance. They would like to shift part of it to the purchase of American industrial equipment for the West German aid program in developing countries, including Vietnam, and to have the U.S. reconsider the whole deal. Mr. McNamara will have none of that. He made it plain that we reserve the right to reduce our forces in Germany "proportionately" if Bonn's purchases of U.S. arms continue to lag.

Thus we have the spectacle of the peace-loving leader of the Western world turning the screws on the erstwhile Hun, and Mr. McNamara sliding back into the same old slot. As for Mr. Foster, if other nations do not credit our protestations of eagerness to end war for all time, he knows where he can go to straighten things out.

California, There She Blows!

Two somewhat inconsistent meanings can be read in the results of the California primary. In 1964, Barry Goldwater surprised the political pundits by defeating Governor Rockefeller, backed by Sen. Thomas Kuchel, in the California Republican primary. Later that year, George Murphy, a conservative right-wing Republican, won the Senate seat against Pierre Salinger despite the Johnson landslide. At the time, these results were dismissed as still another example of the unpredictable volatility of California politics. In this year's primary, Ronald Reagan, a candidate of the Right, has scored a smashing victory over George Christopher, who was billed as a liberal-moderate Republican. Once again the pollsters and pundits were surprised. In the same primary, Mayor Samuel W. Yorty rolled up a disturbingly large vote against Governor Brown. Pre-primary estimates gave Yorty perhaps 20 to 25 per cent of the Democratic vote; he did much better. On the face of it, these results show that there has been a growing swing to the right in California politics; viewed in this perspective, the 1966 results represent an extension of the trend that was apparent in 1964.

So much is clear. But there is another aspect to the results. Reagan, definitely of the Goldwater Right, did not campaign as such; on the contrary, he tried to dissociate his campaign from the Birchers and the right wing and to adopt the image of a "moderate," the better to cut into Christopher's strength. The nature of the campaign favored this tactic. For one thing, there were few sharply defined issues, virtually none. Then, too, the Brown forces wanted Reagan to win the nomination although they were doubtless surprised by the margin of his victory; hence they did not concentrate their fire on Reagan. After all, it was a primary campaign. In a campaign without issues, Reagan could pose as a "moderate"; it will not be so easy for him to do so between now and November. Reagan was "handled" by one of California's most expert professional political public relations firms (Spencer-Roberts & Associates) and, with the exception of some initial mistakes that Reagan himself made, they were able to keep him under close supervision and it paid off. It is in the issueless campaign that the "performer" type of candidate can make maximum use of

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television exposure as against candidates who, whatever their merits, are not actors or performers.

While there were no "issues," in the normal sense, there were two highly explosive, emotional situations which contributed to both the Reagan and Yorty votes. One was Berkeley, the other Watts. It is fairly easy to tap resentment among middle-class voters by inveighing against students that don't shave, go in for eccentric hair-dos, wear sandals and levis, and, now and then, raise hell on the campus. As to Watts, there was unquestionably a strong white backlash. Districts adjacent to Negro areas in Los Angeles voted early and heavily, and they went to Yorty by wide margins. The California Supreme Court's recent decision, invalidating the results of the state-wide initiative of 1964 on Proposition No. 14, created a fine opportunity for Yorty to exercise his considerable skills as a demagogue.

A measure on the primary ballot called for approval of a bond issue which would have been used to build a badly needed hospital in Watts. One would think that it would have carried hands down; it did receive a majority of the votes cast, but bond issues require a larger margin and so it failed. The failure of this measure is a clear indication that strong backlash sentiment existed. At the same time, Yorty very skillfully drove a wedge between the Mexican-American minority and the Negro minority. In view of Watts, it was only natural that the spotlight of public attention and concern should have been focused on Negroes and that the anti-poverty programs, etc., should have been concentrated in Negro areas. Mexican-Americans resented this and also resented the fact that they have not received their share of political patronage as compared with the Negro minority. Yorty received a heavy vote in Mexican-American sections of Los Angeles.

What, then, is one to make of the primary? The results do show a continuing shift to the right in California politics but the special factors noted had much to do with the results. The primary also indicates that the Johnson consensus is not holding up. In the 7th Congressional District, Robert Scheer ran a strong race against the incumbent Jeffrey Cohelan. Scheer polled about 45 per cent of the vote. He drew a heavy vote in the Berkeley Hill precincts and in the Negro sections of Oakland. Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts*, also ran a strong race in a Republican primary on the same major issue raised by Scheer, namely, opposition to the war in Vietnam. Both campaigns show what can be done with a "new style" of campaigning geared to real issues.

Governor Brown between now and November will be the underdog, his preferred position. He will be able to concentrate on Reagan's lack of experience and his right-wing affiliations. One can only have sympathy for Brown. He has been a good governor. He should be able to win on his record but, in two terms, he has made his share of enemies and aroused the ire of numerous malcontents. However, he should not be counted out by any means. The question is, how many Yorty votes will switch to Reagan in November? Not all of them, of course, but too many. Yorty has his eyes on the Senate seat now occupied by Senator Kuchel. But he may be disappointed. Reagan has nothing to gain by antagonizing Kuchel any more than he has already antagonized him; in fact, Kuchel's support might well be the key to a possible Reagan victory in November.

The national significance of the California primary is fairly clear. Reagan's victory strengthens the right wing in the Republican Party; Reaganites will be much in evidence at the next Republican convention. At the same time, the results will spell trouble for the Democrats; LBJ's consensus has been badly shaken. California is today the main political powerhouse in the nation. What happens in California, therefore, automatically has national political significance. Inscribed over the entrance to the state capitol in Sacramento is the ironic scroll: "Bring Me Men to Match My Mountains!" But what manner of men are Sam Yorty and Ronald Reagan? Can't California, a state that produced Hiram Johnson and Earl Warren, do better than this? Governor Brown is in the Johnson-Warren tradition but he is surrounded, at the moment, by midgets. (Readers will be interested in comparing the results of the June 7 primary with Gladwin Hill's shrewd look at the campaign: "The California Sweepstakes," *The Nation,* March 27.)

Edmund Wilson

The press has been nearly unanimous, as well it should be, in applauding the award of the National Medal for Literature to Edmund Wilson. Editorial after editorial has echoed the judgment that Mr. Wilson is our leading man of letters. Judgments of this sort are easily reached when there is only one person who fits the category.

But Edmund Wilson has qualities that should be singled out for special comment because they have relevance to the current dreary state of American letters. One is an extraordinary curiosity—about almost everything. There is no one left in literary journalism with anything like his unappeasable curiosity. He can interest himself in almost anything that attracts his eye, and because his curiosity is fathomless he can invest whatever he writes about with the glow of fresh discovery. As lesser colleagues while the hours away in cloistered college hideaways, complaining that there is nothing much that interests them, Wilson goes barging about the world endlessly fascinated with what he sees and hears and learns. Another quality that might be noted: he takes his craft seriously, that is, he works at it. And many other special attributes might be cited, among them his unflagging kindness to young writers.

True to form, he accepted the $5,000 grant that accompanies the award in his own spirit and manner. First of all, he acknowledged that heavy taxes had left him with about $100 in the bank; the tax-free grant would, therefore, come in handy. It was all the more welcome, he said, because it was tax free "so that not a penny of it will be demanded for the infamous war in Vietnam and for our staggering appropriation in the interests of so-called defense which, when I last examined the budget in 1964, amounted, together with space programs, and the costs of past wars, to 79 per cent of the total. I am very much gratified, for once, not to have to contribute to these mistaken efforts."

The Nation feels it an honor, on this occasion, to salute a valued contributor and friend, a great man of letters, and a most remarkable citizen of the republic.

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WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

BUBBLE OF UNREALITY

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Skepticism was at least knee-deep at the White House Conference on Civil Rights, a $300,000 affair at the luxurious Sheraton-Park and Shoreham Hotels. The National Council of Churches' Commission on Religion and Race had predicted the conference would be "a frivolous exercise which will accomplish nothing." The two dozen Associated Community Teams (ACT) pickets who, on the first day, wandered around on the sidewalks foul-mouthing the delegates as "black lackeys" soon left, realizing that nothing was happening inside except a piling up of disbelief and of unrealities. Yale Rabin, a University of Pennsylvania faculty member now working with the Delta Ministry and the NAACP, stuffed his suitcase angrily at the end of the second day. "This," he said, "has been a hopelessly frustrating conference. I'll be in Wetumpka, Ala., tomorrow and what's gone on here has no relevance to what I'll be facing down there." Another delegate said she had "a feeling I've been taking LSD." A Tennessee member of the Commission on Civil Rights said: "I know I'm being used as a tool. That's what the convention is all about. But you have to come, just in case something does happen." Floyd B. McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, had come to the conference damning it as being "rigged"; midway through he changed his judgment—now it was a "fraud."

Not many delegates would disagree with him on either description. It was rigged in the sense that particular grievances were smothered in the broad agenda of social ills —not enough economic security, welfare, housing, justice— with deadeningly broad remedies: more security, more education, more good housing, and more justice. Nobody could argue with that. What else was there to say? It had all been said on the sidewalks, in Negro churches, in marches, in sit-ins, in riots for a dozen years and more. Lawrence Landry, an ACT leader from Chicago, observed: "If the conference had been held in 1950 it would have been forward-looking. Today, it's just ludicrous."

The conference was definitely rigged against violent dispute; those little FBI types saw to that, flitting around checking credentials so that no uninvited malcontents could get in. Malcontents who had been invited got another type of treatment. When McKissick sent up his resolution asking President Johnson to get out of Vietnam, the section chairman, James Nabrit, a Johnson appointee to the United Nations delegation, sat on him; McKissick protested that Nabrit was acting unfairly, and Nabrit responded: "This is what I'm here for, Mac." It was a nice piece of candor.

The original ground rules permitted no resolutions from the floor, and no voting. McKissick may not have intended it that way, but he did the conference designers a great favor when he demanded and got them, reluctantly, to ease up to the extent of permitting some quarreling from the floor on the afternoon of the second day. If it hadn't been for that to look forward to, the conference could have sunk beneath a rapidly accumulating burden of boredom. It almost did anyway.

Because the conference was broken into a dozen simultaneous sections, ten Washington newsmen organized a pool. Each would cover a different section and then they would come together at the end of the day and swap notes. "It would have worked out O.K.," the *Atlanta Journal*'s correspondent told me, "except that when we met, we found out we didn't have anything to swap. Nothing had happened." That was at the conclusion of the first day.

Some felt that President Johnson moved up his appearance from the last night to the first night because he feared giving the outside civil rights rebels an extra day to prepare a wild demonstration that might embarrass him. Others believed he changed his schedule in order to recruit the delegates to his side in the event that anti-Vietnamese war resolutions were in the offing. But neither of these theories is nearly so good as the proposition that he did it to stir some life into a conference that was beginning to sag dangerously. The same purpose was probably behind UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's visit the following morning. He had not been scheduled to speak at all, he had nothing especially to say, and he gave every appearance of having been rushed in without being told what the gathering was all about until he stepped through the door. I almost felt sorry for him when he remarked: "We get disturbing reports that lawyers in some parts of the country do not discharge their duty." Could it possibly be that this former Supreme Court Justice does not yet know it as a *fact* that most lawyers in the Deep South won't touch a civil rights case?

Before the White House Conference goes into President Johnson's book of memories as a significant occurrence, rather than the bubble it was, the record should be put a little straighter, especially in regard to McKissick's anti-war resolution. First of all, it should be understood that the Vietnamese waste was constantly alluded to—not just by McKissick but by many delegates. Typical was the remark of Leslie Dunbar, director of the Field Foundation of New York and former director of the Southern Regional Council, to the effect that the bountiful housing proposals made by the conference steering committee (2 million new housing units a year, half of them in the low income field, etc.) would require redirection of funds from the war, and unless the conference was willing to cope with that probability "everything else is unreal."

With Vietnam a substratum concern throughout, CORE's formal resolution to get out of the war was not the pivotal issue some newspapers—forgivably desperate for copy at that drab parliament—made it out to seem. The issue was only lightly lobbied and briefly debated. And when the delegates in McKissick's section turned down his resolution they did not do so in such a way as to support the war. Chairman Nabrit turned it aside by saying: "I don't want to put that albatross around the civil rights movement." The vote was not *for* the war, but *against* the albatross.

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In other sections of the conference, resolutions similar to that posed by McKissick did not fare so badly. In one group the resolution was slipped in on the end of a larger resolution to help the Southern sharecroppers. The concluding sentence was: "The ingenuity, and energy, and resources of this country must be redirected and devoted to the building of new towns (in the South) and not to the burning of villages in Vietnam." The vote against this was twenty-nine to twenty, with another thirty or forty persons not voting at all; considering that it was a pro-Johnson group, this was not exactly a vote of confidence in the Vietnamese war.

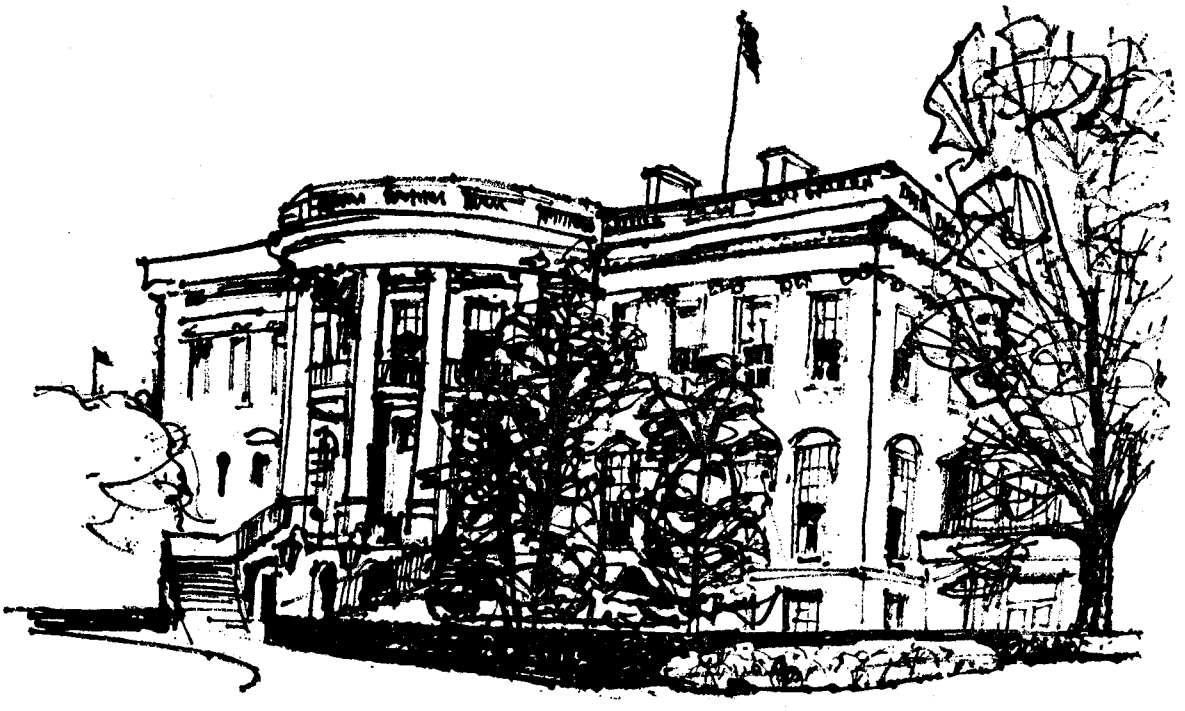
The Administration position is that this White House Conference will be a good leverage to get a new Civil Rights Act out of Congress, but considering the feeble enforcement of previous civil rights legislation, any new act will do the Democrats more good on Election Day (if promises prevent rioting, there may be no disastrous white electoral backlash in places like California; also, a new Civil Rights Act would help counteract the white liberals' disenchantment over Vietnam) than it will do the Negroes good thereafter. Many delegates pointed out that if laws already passed were enforced, life would be comparatively blissful for American Negroes.

Jack Young, an attorney from Jackson, Miss., said that because of the U.S. Office of Education's "flexible guidelines" in enforcing school integration laws, "on the whole, the picture in Mississippi is no better than it ever was." Harold Howe, II, U.S. Commissioner of Education, sitting three rows away, did not respond. Less than 1 per cent of the Negro pupils in Mississippi and Alabama go to integrated schools; those who do often are beaten and cursed by their white classmates. Yet the federal government makes no use of its control over school funds to help the Negroes. Similar laxity is shown by federal officials in administering welfare funds.

A large part of the federal welfare money that comes into Detroit, for example, said Helen Brown, corresponding secretary of the Aid to Dependent Children mothers, "never reaches the poor." Negro children drop out of school because they can't read the blackboard and they can't get glasses; they drop out of school plays because they don't want to walk across the stage in tennis shoes; they drop out of gym class because they can't afford the necessary physical examination. The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, she said, makes no effort to correct the crookedness of the welfare distribution.

Lawrence Guyot, chairman of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, had other tales of federal indifference. "Last Friday a Negro youth was shot while on his way to a MFDP political rally. Our candidates are repeatedly threatened by telephone. A member of the MFDP executive committee was beaten by a highway patrolman recently. Rev. Clinton Collier, an MFDP Congressional candidate in the Fourth District, has been repeatedly arrested by Sheriff Rainey and his deputy, Price, and was recently beaten in Neshoba County. [These are the law men whose names were linked to the triple murder of civil rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss.] I grow tired of seeing the rights of Negroes guaranteed on paper, discussed thoroughly in meetings and, in fact, denied. Our right to participate meaningfully in the political process of Mississippi has been greatly hindered by incidents such as these."

Every schoolboy knows that the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and the entire Fifteenth are aimed at protecting the Negro against just this kind of political harassment, yet frequent pleas to the Justice Department for protection have come to nothing. Attorney General Katzenbach will not act, nor will President Johnson. No further laws are needed on this point; the apparatus is already at hand but they will not use it. One explanation is that the Negro vote in the South is not as politically useful to the Executive department as are the



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kindly feelings of Senators like Stennis, Eastland, Ellender and Russell.

Another possible explanation was offered at the conference by Arnold Trebach, director of the Human Rights Program at Howard University and formerly chief (1960-63) of the Administration of Justice Section of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. In a word, his explanation was blackmail, or at least the threat of blackmail, by J. Edgar Hoover.

Trebach disclosed that "the Commission on Civil Rights recommended federal law-enforcement officers be stationed (in the South) at the scene of likely violence, that increased numbers of federal officials be assigned to communities where violence has occurred, that more extensive investigation and surveillance activities be undertaken by these officials, and that federal law-enforcement officers be authorized to make on-the-scene arrests for violations of federal law."

But, he said, these remedies had been blocked by "the Number One sacred cow in this town, J. Edgar Hoover," who "has a dossier of secret, damaging material on many prominent people, and it is thought that he will use it to protect his turf if necessary." Trebach charged that "Hoover has no real belief in civil rights and he is constitutionally unable to fully lend the energies of his agency to their support." He said that Hoover's defects "are common gossip at Washington cocktail parties," but "any high government official who comes out and says these things, even though he believes them, is committing political suicide—or inviting political assassination through the attacks he would thus provoke from Hoover and his powerful friends."

Trebach admitted he did "not know if every one of these claims is true, but many people in Washington believe them," and he sensibly suggested one way for Congress to find out would be to investigate the matter.

But that is not the end of the hypocrisy on which this conference was built. Just as HEW won't protect civil rights through the stern supervision of education and welfare moneys, and just as the Justice Department is not using the laws it already has available to protect Negroes in politics, even so does the U.S. Department of Agriculture side with the big plantation owner in helping to crush the Negro sharecropper.

One authentic sharecropper was brought to the conference: Floyd Robertson, 47, of West Point, Miss. He didn't know why he was selected. "I guess God just picked me out to come here," he said, unimpressed by the irony of a situation wherein the government spends for his trip to Washington one-fourth as much as he will earn in an entire year.

Robertson isn't doing so well. For five years he sharecropped 71 acres for Mr. Billy Bran at Prairie, Miss., harvesting 300 bales of cotton during that time. For his labor Robertson received $8,600 (and paid for his own groceries, contrary to the usual sharecropping arrangement), while earning $51,400 for the plantation owner. Not exactly a fair shake. Year before last he harvested 82 bales, bringing in roughly $16,400. Of that he was paid only $1,481, the landlord telling him: "You come here without a damn thing and that's the way you're going to leave."

Last year Robertson was chased off the farm—after he tried to enroll his children in a "white" school—and he is now renting 5 acres from another Negro in order to support his family of six children. For three years he has had his application in with the Farmers Home Administration for a loan to buy his own place. He has heard nothing from the FHA.

The first recommendation made by the White House Conference's counsel for assisting the 4 million Southern rural Negroes (90 per cent of whom are impoverished) is to provide those "who are engaged in or who wish to engage in the operation of commercial or subsistence farms with means and incentives for achieving successful farm ownership and management. Such a program should include combinations of loans, grants, training, counseling and technical assistance."

Incredibly, the conference leaders make these suggestions as if they did not realize that the federal government already has the legal and financial wherewithal to help the Negro farmer in just this fashion—and won't! They write as if they did not know that instead of helping the Negro farmer to get loans through the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, with reasonable interest rates, the Department of Agriculture, just this year, instituted a new law which allows the Southern landowner to charge any rate of interest he wants (Robertson says some of them charge 25 per cent) on cash advances—which traditionally have been interest free—thus further impoverishing the sharecropper.

Officers of the National Sharecroppers Fund, as well as members of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee, have this spring written many letters to Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman itemizing the injustices that federal farm officials in the South not only allow but encourage—and they not only get no reform action out of Freeman but they often do not even get a responsive letter. "If the government says it's goin' to do, it ought to stop politickin' and *do*. We poor folks," Robertson observed mildly, "need help *now*."

It may be that Johnson, an old master at the divide-and-conquer political strategy, may think he achieved a useful split in the civil rights leadership with this conference, a split that will make the national Negro bloc easier to handle. On the surface there might be some reason to think so. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP alluded to SNCC leaders, who did not attend the conference, as "flippant doctrinaire conformists." Dr. Martin Luther King was on the premises but did not show himself, reportedly because (this was *The Washington Post*'s theory) Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall, in a speech to the general convention, neglected to say a kind word on behalf of demonstrations and direct action. And there were other surface signs of schisms and minor feuds.

The history of the civil rights movements to this date indicates that it would be foolish for Johnson to bank too heavily on this fussing. If the Negroes hit the streets this summer (and Vice President Hubert Humphrey's speech indicated the Administration is fearfully confident they will; he decried *only* "slumism," and touched not at all on the unhappiness of the unrebellious Southern Negroes), the civil rights leaders may tut-tut the violence in gentlemanly terms,

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but Johnson will be kidding himself to suppose their sentiments are anything but black.

At one conference session Mrs. Mary O. Ross, of Detroit, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the National Baptist Convention, rallied the troops with a piece of verse that ended:

The battle's on, let's fight it!
The world's wrong, let's right it!
Is faith asleep, let's wake it!
Today is ours, let's take it!

Mrs. Ross, a happy battleship of a woman, was smiling and rocking like a Girl Scout song leader, and the crowd responded with laughter and shouts and applause. Typical Negro store-front church stuff, or so it seemed. But behind the smiles and good humor these people really believe the day *is* theirs, and they do mean to take it.

THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT: II

TESTIMONY of the EYEWITNESSES

FRED J. COOK

The following is the second and concluding section of Fred J. Cook's analysis of the testimony given before the Warren Commission. As we explained last week, the manuscript was delivered to us, in its present form, approximately three weeks before publication of Part I; in other words, before the appearance of press releases announcing publication of two books which also analyze the testimony and the rejoinders from spokesmen for the commission which these releases stimulated.
—THE EDITORS

Despite the speed with which the Dallas authorities closed out the case of President Kennedy's assassination after they had latched on to Oswald, despite the speed with which they promulgated their one-assassin-three-shot-theory, despite the effect that this must have had on the recollections of all but the stoutest and most positive witnesses, a surprising number of spectators insisted with varying degrees of certainty that they had heard four, five or six shots.

One of the most positive and emphatic on this point was Mrs. Jean Hill, the schoolteacher who was standing with Mary Moorman when the latter took her widely distributed Polaroid picture of the assassination. The two women were standing on the curb of the little grass plot known as Dealey Plaza, on the left-hand side of the motorcade as it proceeded toward the triple underpass. The firing broke out as the Presidential car moved directly in front of them, and Mrs. Hill stubbornly testified that she heard more than three shots.

"I've always said there were some four to six shots," she told the commission. "There were three shots—one right after the other, and a distinct pause, or just a moment's pause, and then I heard more. . . . I think there were at least four or five shots and perhaps six, but I know there were more than three."

Mrs. Hill thought that she heard shots not from the Texas School Book Depository but from a knoll directly opposite her, on the right-hand side of Elm Street. This would mean that the sounds came from the same general direction, but from a different firing point. The ground across Elm from Dealey Plaza slopes up to a semicircular monument structure in the center of a little park. A concrete wall runs for some distance from the end of the monument toward the underpass; behind the wall, crowning the crest of the knoll, is a thin line of trees, thick with foliage. Beyond the trees there is a parking lot, wedged in between the knoll and the railroad tracks that come curving down to pass over Elm, Main and Commerce Streets.

Mrs. Hill saw a man who seemed to be running away. She even crossed the street to pursue him, but people began to mill around, and she lost sight of him. Subsequently, she and her friend were taken to the courthouse so that officials could get their statements of what they had seen. By the time they were released, Oswald had been captured and held for the murder of Patrolman Tippit; his rifle and three discharged shells had been found; and official theory already had hardened into the belief that the entire case had been solved. To Mrs. Hill, the official theory didn't jibe with what she had seen and heard; and so, as she was leaving the courthouse, she protested to a Secret Service agent.

> I talked with this man, a Secret Service man, and I said, "Am I a kook or what is wrong with me?" I said, "They keep saying three shots—three shots," and I said, "I know I heard more. I heard four to six shots anyway."
>
> He said, "Mrs. Hill, we were standing at the window and we heard more shots also, but we have three wounds and we have three bullets, three shots is all we are willing to say right now."

This remark so perfectly expresses the official mentality that had botched the aftermath of tragedy in Dallas that it carries the ring of truth. To digress for a moment: every law-enforcement agency on the scene that day had disgraced itself. The FBI knew all about the erratic Lee Harvey Oswald; it knew he had been distributing Castroite leaflets in New Orleans and had gotten into a street brawl there; it even knew that he was working in a building on the Presidential route—and it told nobody. Adlai Stevenson, a short time before the President's trip, had been viciously attacked in Dallas, yet the Secret Service, when making its protective plans, got from the FBI the name of not a single fanatic in a city that breeds them like kernels on a corncob. To suggest how strange this was, months before the killing in Dallas, in an article dealing with fanatics of the Right, I had described the activities of a mysterious and wealthy young Dallas businessman, self-styled "The Patriot," who was trying to form a nation-wide secret organization composed of radicals pledged to rise and assassinate prominent officials on "The Patriot's" orders. The activities of this and

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other rich, powerful and wild-eyed yahoos in Dallas could not have been unknown to the investigative agencies.

Then, once the seemingly unanticipated disaster had occurred, the security agencies got a heaven-sent break. Oswald was practically dropped into their arms and they grabbed their man. They solved the case—and let no one take *that glory* from them! This is the quintessence of police mentality, the kind of official reaction that atones for asinine error with a fast "solution"; one suspects that some of the truest words spoken in the entire Warren Commission inquiry were those of the Secret Service agent as quoted by Mrs. Hill: ". . . we heard more shots also, but we have three wounds and we have three bullets, three shots is all we are willing to say right now."

Three shots is all they were ever willing to say because, if they could just stick to those three shots, the crime which they were charged with preventing would be avenged in the only way possible—by the perfect solution. In less than twenty-four hours, Dallas officials were telling the press that they had absolute proof of Oswald's guilt; and by Sunday night, when their passion for publicity had resulted in Oswald's murder by Jack Ruby—live on nation-

wide television—District Attorney Henry Wade was proclaiming that "the Oswald case was closed." The record seems to show that there was never any official disposition to look beyond Oswald, to question whether "three shells, three shots, three wounds" would fit all the circumstances of the case. As a result we are left today with tantalizing implications.

The most intriguing of these peep out from the testimony of S. M. Holland, the signal supervisor of the Union Terminal Railroad, who had described so accurately the sequence of sights and sounds as he looked down on the assassination scene from the triple overpass. When one reads testimony in transcript form, without the advantage of actually seeing and hearing witnesses, one gets a wide variety of impressions. Some witnesses are obviously fumbling and ignorant and confused; some appear to be lying; others, either in their anxiety to please or the need to fatten their egos, begin to stretch their observations and expand upon their actual knowledge. But occasionally one finds a witness who has observed keenly and who is so scrupulously honest and factual that one trusts what he has to say almost implicitly. Such a witness was Holland.

He told the Warren Commission that since he knew railroad personnel he had been asked by the Secret Service and police to take up a post on the railroad overpass and help them check on expected sightseers. Holland obviously took his job seriously and observed and recalled with the greatest care. Looking down on Elm Street, he saw Mrs. Hill and Mary Moorman with her Polaroid camera; he described how he saw the effects of the shots that hit President Kennedy and Governor Connally before the sounds of the shots reached him; he saw Jacqueline Kennedy turn toward her husband after the first shot and saw the third shot knock the President flat, face down in the back of the limousine. The testimony is sharp, vivid, as accurate and straightforward a recital of what happened as the commission was to get from any one witness. Then, under questioning by Samuel A. Stern, assistant counsel of the commission, comes this sequence:

STERN: Did you hear a third report?

HOLLAND: I heard a third report and I counted four shots and about the same time all this was happening, and in this group of trees—[indicating].

STERN: Now, you are indicating trees on the north side of Elm Street?

HOLLAND: These trees right along here [indicating]. . . . There was a shot, a report, I don't know whether it was a shot. I can't say that. And a puff of smoke came out about 6 or 8 feet above the ground right out from under those trees. And at just about this location from where I was standing you could see that puff of smoke, like someone had thrown a firecracker, or something out, and that is just about the way it sounded. It wasn't as loud as the previous reports or shots.

Holland was asked what shot this would have been. He explained that everything had happened so fast he could not be certain.

HOLLAND: It could have been the third or fourth, but there were definitely four reports.

STERN: You have no doubt about that?

HOLLAND: I have no doubt about it. I have no doubt about seeing that puff of smoke come out from under those trees either.

Realizing what had happened, Holland said, he took off at a run along the overpass, scrambling down it at the north side of Elm Street where a picket fence, extending from the line of the concrete wall by the monument, runs along the

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crest of the knoll, separating it from the parking lot. There was a sea of cars in the parking lot, Holland testified, and he and some "twelve or thirteen policemen," who had come flocking to the same place, looked around for empty shell casings, but didn't find any. Holland then decided he couldn't be of any further help; he had better leave things in the hands of the authorities and go back to his own job on the railroad.

On his return trip, however, he made a discovery that, in the confusion of the moment and the belief the authorities would have everything in hand, he had not mentioned to anyone until he came before the commission. He testified:

> I remember about the third car down from this fence, there was a station wagon backed up toward the fence, about the third car down, and a spot, I'd say 3 foot by 2 foot, looked to me like somebody had been standing there for a long period. I guess if you could count them about a hundred foot tracks in that little spot, and also mud on the bumper of that station wagon . . . that is approximately the same location as—that car and the trees that I saw the smoke would probably be the same location.

The mud on the bumper of the station wagon, Holland said, looked as if someone had scraped off his shoes or had stood up on the bumper to look over the fence.

Some partial corroboration of Holland's account may be found in the testimony of Lee E. Bowers, Jr., the tower man in the north tower of Union Terminal. From this vantage point, Bowers had a wide-ranging view over the assassination scene and the surrounding landscape. He testified that, in the twenty minutes before the assassination, he noticed three strange cars circling around in the parking-lot area behind the knoll. Two of the cars had similar, out-of-state license plates, he recalled; one was a blue-and-white station wagon with a couple of bumper stickers, one a travel sticker, the other a Goldwater sign; and in one of the cars, a man seemed to be talking over a microphone held in his hand. The cars seemed to wander around the parking lot as if looking for a way out, Bowers said, and one of them, a 1961 or 1962 Impala with an out-of-state license and quite a bit of mud on it, stopped behind the knoll directly opposite the assassination site about eight minutes before the President's motorcade came along. Then Bowers, whose job it was to operate switches in the yard from the north tower, got busy and didn't think any more about the stopped car or observe it further.

Before he became so preoccupied with his work, Bowers said, he had noticed two men, one heavy set and middle aged, the other younger, in his mid-twenties, standing in the trees along the crest of the knoll. When the motorcade came past, Bowers said, he heard three shots and the reverberations from them, but he couldn't tell from what direction the shots had come. He quickly noticed, however, that there "seemed to be some commotion" in the trees along the knoll, and he saw a motorcycle policeman try to ride up the steep incline. The policeman was heading for the area in the trees where Bowers had seen the two men moments earlier. One of the men had vanished, Bowers said, but the other, he thought, was still there. Why had Bowers' eyes been drawn back so swiftly to this wooded section along the knoll? He could not say.

"I am just unable to describe rather than it was something out of the ordinary," he testified, "a sort of milling around, but something occurred in this particular spot which was out of the ordinary, which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify."

Had this "something out of the ordinary" been that puff of smoke that Holland had seen so clearly? Bowers simply could not say.

It is perhaps of some significance that despite the swift arrest of Oswald and the almost instantaneous discarding of any evidence that did not point to him, so many witnesses still retained the impression that the firing had come from the wooded knoll. Oswald, it should be remembered, was firing from a spot directly above the heads of the thickest part of the crowd; in fact, when he touched off his final shot, trailing cars in the motorcade were directly beneath his window, and Mrs. Earl Cabell, wife of the Mayor of Dallas, looked up and saw the end of his rifle poking out above her head. Further along Elm Street, in the direction of the underpass and the knoll, the crowd thinned out considerably, and so it would seem that this very distribution should have made more persons acutely aware of Oswald and the firing from the School Book Depository. Yet this does not seem to have been the case. A compilation made by Harold Feldman in *The Minority of One* showed that, of 121 eye-witnesses whose statements appear in the twenty-six volumes of the commission's hearings, thirty-eight had no clear opinion about the origin of the shots, thirty-two thought they came from the School Book Depository—and fifty-one believed they had come from the knoll.

Several witnesses besides Mrs. Hill and Holland felt certain that they had heard more than three shots. Some even claimed to have seen shots hit that, it would seem, could not be accounted for in the three-shot quota allotted for the action in the official version. One Dallas patrolman, J. W. Foster, who was stationed on the overpass, was certain that he had seen a shot strike the turf near a manhole cover on lower Elm Street, but police insisted they had not been able to find any trace of such a bullet. Another witness, Royce G. Skelton, a mail clerk who was also on the overpass, thought he had heard four shots but could not be certain. As he recalled it, the first two shots came closer together.

"After those two shots, and the car came down closer to the triple underpass, well, there was another shot—two more shots I heard, but one of them—I saw a bullet, or I guess it was a bullet—I take for granted it was—hit in the left front of the President's car on the cement, and when it did, the smoke carried with it—away from the building . . ." Skelton testified. He explained that by "smoke" he meant a spray effect spreading out ahead of the shot as it hit the concrete. Again police reported that they had been able to find no evidence of such a shot.

Some indication that the Foster or the Skelton bullet—or perhaps yet another bullet—may actually have been recovered is to be found in the reporting of Richard Dudman, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Dudman subsequently wrote in *The New Republic* that on the day of the assassination he had learned of a bullet that did not seem to be accounted for in the three-shot, official version of events. "A group of police officers were examining the area at the side of the street where the President was hit," he wrote, "and a police inspector told me they had just found another bullet in the

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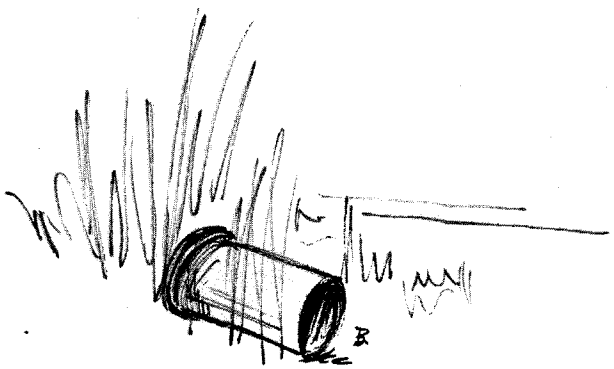
grass. He said he did not know whether it had anything to do with the assassination." All mention of such a bullet seems to have vanished from the subsequent official accounts.

There was one shot that did not vanish. It struck the south Main Street curb, and a fragment from it nicked the cheek of a spectator, James T. Tague. Tague had been watching the approach of the Presidential motorcade from a spot beside a pillar at Commerce and Main Streets down by the triple underpass. After the shooting, a patrolman noticed that Tague had blood on his cheek; he hunted around and found what looked to be a fresh bullet scar on the curb. The Warren Commission reported that scientific analysis showed traces of lead, apparently made by the lead core of a bullet, but no trace of copper from a jacketed



bullet like those Oswald was firing. Hence, the commission reasoned that one of his bullets (perhaps the shot it theorized had missed) must have shed its copper jacket by striking somewhere else before its lead core hit the curb. Once one acknowledges the evidence indicating a second marksman, however, this reasoning becomes meaningless. For who knows what kind of bullets Assassin No. 2 might have been firing? Anyone asking that question must begin to wonder what the Tague incident really indicates.

We get from the Warren Report only the vaguest impression of directions and angles. A much clearer account has been given by Vincent J. Salandria, a Philadelphia attorney, legal consultant for the American Civil Liberties Union and critic of the Warren Report. Salandria reported in *Liberation* on his study of the Tague incident:

> From my view of the maps, diagrams, photographs and after a personal inspection of the situs, at no point would Tague have been in the line of fire from the Depository Building to the Presidential limousine. He was some 1½ blocks from the Depository Building, about a block south of the limousine. But he was directly across from the grassy knoll on the north side of Elm Street. . . . If this was the source of Tague's wound, then Tague was very much in the line of fire since the limousine was then between him and the knoll. The trajectory is consistent with an elevation beginning about 25 feet above sea level (my estimate from personal inspection of the height of the grassy knoll) downward to the curbing and thence into his cheek. . . .

Such discussions cause one to examine with greater skepticism the commission's account of President Kennedy's wounds. If one agrees that the evidence indicates that Governor Connally was not hit by the bullet that first wounded the President, it follows that Oswald could not have injured them both because he simply did not have time to get off two shots. Since ballistics tests showed that the nearly whole bullet recovered from Governor Connally's stretcher came from Oswald's Carcano, it then follows that the first bullet that wounded the President must have been fired by someone else. But, if so, it would seem that the angle and the trajectory of the bullet would have to be different. Is there any evidence for this?

Commander James J. Humes, the Navy pathologist who had charge of the autopsy at Bethesda, gave the commission the anatomical facts. He placed the entry wound in the President's back "14 centimeters from the tip of the right acromium process and 14 centimeters below the tip of the right mastoid process." Fourteen centimeters are roughly 5½ inches, and the specifications locate the entry wound on a straight line in from the tip of the acromium, or point of the shoulder, and straight down from the mastoid bone, just to the right of the spinal column. Pathologists at Bethesda were unable to get a probe through the wound and thus trace the actual path of the bullet, so the trajectory must be judged solely by the entry and exit wounds. And the exit wound was located in the President's throat at about the level of the "third and fourth tracheal rings"—in other words just below the Adam's apple.

The layman can perhaps better visualize the approximate location of these wounds from the testimony of Frazier, the FBI expert, who described the bullet holes found in the President's clothing. Frazier placed the point of entry at 5⅜ inches below the top of the President's coat collar; 5¾ inches below the top of his shirt collar, and 1⅛ inches to the right of the center line of the shirt. In exiting, Frazier said, the bullet nicked the knot of the President's necktie.

These, then, were the anatomical facts about this first wound. Their significance can be understood only in relation to one other vital factor. If Oswald had fired the bullet that caused this wound, it would have struck the President in the back on a *downward* trajectory precisely calculated by the FBI at 17°43′30″ at the point of impact. This means that the exit point of the bullet would have to be the *lowest spot* penetrated on the President's body.

Throughout Commander Humes's testimony, no attempt was made to relate the anatomical evidence to the exactly calculated downward trajectory from Oswald's gun. Instead, the commission was presented with a couple of "schematic drawings" that seemed to reconcile the wounds with the downward-trajectory thesis. The first of these drawings, which became Exhibit 385, shows a bullet zinging in and out of the President's neck on a dotted line representing the downward trajectory. The second drawing, Exhibit 386, is a back view of the President's head and shoulders; it places the entry wound, not on a line with the tip of the shoulder, not almost in the middle of the back, but *well up above the shoulder level on the right side of the President's neck.* In other words, *the location of this wound has been changed!*

The seriousness of the distortion becomes apparent when one contrasts Exhibits 385 and 386 with the drawings in Commander Humes's own autopsy report from Bethesda (Exhibit 397). A comparison of the back view of the human male figure represented there with the back view of the "schematic" Exhibit 386 shows that the entry wound has hopped from the middle of the back on the autopsy report to well up on the neck in the schematic drawing. Only so

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could the requirements of the downward trajectory have been fulfilled.

A check with medical experts quickly exposes the seriousness of this visual distortion. Doctors on both the West and East Coasts, questioned about this vital conflict between the autopsy report and the schematic drawing, all agree on these basic facts:

Even if Commander Humes's drawing on his pathologist report is not exactly true to scale (doctors are notoriously poor artists, one points out, and Humes may have placed his entry dot a little too low), nevertheless his precise verbal description of the location of the entry and exit wounds makes it *impossible for the bullet that caused them to have been fired into the President's body on a downward trajectory of more than 17 degrees.* The entry and exit wounds are located almost on a straight line, indicating that the bullet must have been fired on a nearly level trajectory. "The only way you can reconcile these wounds with the projected downward trajectory would be if the President had been leaning forward at an angle of almost 20 degrees when he was struck," one expert said.

The Zapruder film, of course, establishes that the President was *not* leaning forward, but was sitting erect and waving to the crowds. It is significant that when the Presidential car vanished from Zapruder's camera behind the road sign at frame 205, the President's erect head and upraised right hand were still visible. They remained partially visible after others in the car had disappeared from view.

From all of this, it is clear that the "schematic drawings" that evidently deluded the Warren Commission misrepresent the anatomical details. How was this accomplished? At this point, the trail becomes murky. Commander Humes testified that the sketches were prepared by a medical corpsman who was a skilled illustrator. He conceded that the artist had not been permitted to view the X rays or pictures taken of the President's body; in short, he had drawn what he had been told to draw. One might have thought that the commission itself would have had some doubts and would have wanted to see the basic evidence, the X rays and the photographs. But, no. Commander Humes assured the commission that these exhibits, though horribly more "graphic," would not alter essential details.

One final item should be mentioned in connection with this phase of the investigation. In Vol. XVII, page 48, of the Warren record, one finds Exhibit 397, a cryptic note signed by Commander Humes: "I, James J. Humes, certify that I have destroyed by burning certain preliminary draft notes relating to Naval Medical School Autopsy Report A63-272 and have officially transmitted all other papers related to this report to higher authority."

Commander Humes told the commission that the notes he burned in his home fireplace comprised the original draft of his final report. Just why he should have considered it necessary to burn any notes in a case of such transcendent importance remains unexplained. As for the X ray and photographic evidence of the President's wounds, Humes said they had been turned over either to the FBI or the Secret Service, and there they have remained.

In its final report, the commission argued strongly—and it would seem at first glance persuasively—that the sharp downward trajectory of this bullet, presumably fired by Oswald, proved that it must have also wounded Governor Connally. The commission made much of the fact that a search of the interior of the limousine failed to show any spot where the downward-flying missile had struck — and so it concluded that this pellet *must* have been the one that pierced Governor Connally's back. But once it is realized from the evidence of the President's wounds that the bullet was on virtually a level trajectory, one of the commission's strongest arguments for believing the first shot wounded both the President and the Governor is vitiated. A bullet on level flight, exiting from the President's neck, could simply have taken off into space.

Such a reconstruction of events, based on the official anatomical evidence, indicates that Lee Harvey Oswald did not fire the first shot that wounded President Kennedy; it suggests very strongly that someone else was firing at the President from another vantage point, with a different rifle, on a different and far flatter trajectory. The evidence argues further that the Stemmons Freeway sign may well have been a predesignated firing point. It would be a standard ambush tactic to zero in on the roadway at such a landmark, and to begin firing when the President reached this precise point. That would explain, as the commission's version does not, the rapidity of the first two shots that hit President Kennedy and Governor Connally; it would not conflict head on with Governor Connally's assertion that he was wounded by the second shot; and it might explain, assuming that rifle reports in such circumstances would almost blend, the confusion in the minds of witnesses about the number of shots and their incredibly close spacing.

If Oswald was not the only gunman, were the assassins working together? This is a question to which, at present, there is no possible answer since it is a question that was never really explored. All that exist in the record are certain vague trails, peculiar and tantalizing.

One of the more remarkable aspects of the case may be found in the speed with which Oswald was identified as the killer. This has suggested to some that he may have been a pre-selected pigeon, slated from the start to be fingered and caught. Such suspicions gave rise to rumors of some pre-assassination connection between Oswald and Jack Ruby or between Oswald and Patrolman Tippit. The Warren Commission tried diligently to track down such reports, and decided that there was no factual evidence to justify the allegations. What remains, then, is the question of the lightning speed of the identification. Is this natural? Can it be normally and logically explained?

The shots that killed President Kennedy were fired at 12:30 P.M. By 12:45 the police radio was carrying its first, quite accurate description of Oswald. And at 1:16 Patrolman Tippit, apparently acting on the radio description, stopped Oswald—and, according to all the evidence, was murdered by him. This rapid-fire sequence is dealt with in the Warren Report with the statement that the radio description of Oswald "probably" stemmed from details supplied by Howard L. Brennan, a steam fitter. The commission's vagueness on this vital point earned it some justifiable criticism, but there is little doubt, from the report and other accounts, that Brennan was the man who first accused Oswald. Rep. Gerald R. Ford (R., Mich.), a member of the

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commission, later declared in an inside-the-hearing-room piece for *Life* that Brennan was "the most important witness to appear before the Warren Commission in the ten months we sat."

Brennan told the commission that he arrived on the scene about ten minutes before the Presidential motorcade appeared. He perched himself on top of a low retaining wall around a little pool in the park directly across Elm Street from the Texas School Book Depository. It was later calculated that Brennan was about 120 feet, looking upward at an angle, from the corner sixth-floor window behind which Oswald was stationed. Brennan testified that as he waited for the President he "observed quite a few people in different windows" of the School Book Depository building. "In particular, I saw this one man on the sixth floor which left the window to my knowledge a couple of times."

Why "in particular"? What was there about this one man, in advance of the event, that caused Brennan to focus acute and special attention upon him? One wishes here, as at other points in Brennan's recital, as at many other phases of the testimony, for the illumination that comes only from the trial process, with a keen and skeptical opposing attorney cross-examining and probing a witness' story.

Brennan's story, accepted without challenge, continued as follows:

After the President had passed, he heard "this crack that I positively thought was a backfire." Then there came a second explosion that "made me think that it was a firecracker being thrown from the Texas Book Store and I glanced up. And this man that I saw previous was aiming his last shot."

Asked to describe exactly what he saw, Brennan went on:

> Well, *as it appeared to me he was standing up and resting against the left window sill,* with gun shouldered to his right shoulder, holding the gun with his left hand and taking positive aim and fired his last shot. As I calculate a couple of seconds. He drew the gun back from the window as though he was drawing it back to his side and maybe paused for another second as though to assure himself that he hit his mark, and then he disappeared. *(Italics added.)*

Brennan was asked how much of the marksman he could see.

> Well, I could see—at one time he came to the window sill and he sat sideways on the window sill. That was previous to President Kennedy's getting there. And I could see practically his whole body, from his hips up. But at the time he was firing the gun, *a possibility from his belt up. (Italics added.)*

So fortified with observations, Brennan rushed to a policeman and rattled off this description of the marksman at the sixth-floor window: a white man in his early 30s, fair complexion, slender and neat, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighing 160 to 170 pounds. Note how nearly letter perfect was this description. Oswald actually was 24 years old, slender, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighing about 150 pounds.

Other witnesses later reported that they, too, had seen a man lurking at the sixth-floor window, but none had seen him with Brennan's precision and detail. Most had seen only a vague figure and "a stick" or "a pipe" poking out the window. According to these witnesses, Oswald himself was barely visible—and for a very good reason. In its report, the Warren Commission gave this description of Oswald's sniper nest:

> A carton had been placed on the floor *at the side of the window* so that a person sitting on the carton could look down on Elm Street toward the overpass and *scarcely be noticed from the outside.* Between this carton and *the half-open window* were three additional cartons arranged at such an angle that a rifle resting on the top carton would be aimed directly at the motorcade as it moved away from the building. *(Italics added.)*

The conflict becomes obvious. This man who could scarcely be seen from the outside had been observed in startling detail by Brennan 120 feet away and looking up at a sharp angle. Brennan could give an almost exact description of the height, weight and appearance of this man who was only barely visible to everyone else.

But the difficulties are only beginning. At the moment of gunfire, a press photographer, Thomas C. Dillard, swung his camera on the upper stories of the Texas School Book Depository. His lens caught the figures of two Negroes in windows on the fifth floor, and above them it pictured a black gap behind the half-raised window of Oswald's aerie. It is interesting to note that the Negroes on the fifth floor appear right in the open window frames, resting their elbows on the window sills and looking out. But can you judge their height, weight and age with any exactitude? Try it. You will find that you cannot.

One of the problems lies in the fact that the men appear to be standing and leaning on the window sills. But the window sills of the School Book Depository were very close to the floor, and the men at the windows were actually kneeling. Exactly so, above them, was Oswald. He could not have stood and fired his shots through the half-open window; he had to be either kneeling or squatting on the carton he had placed at the side of the window for this purpose—the carton on which his palm print was later found. Yet we are to assume that Brennan judged perfectly the height of a squatting or kneeling man whom he mistook for a standing man—and that he saw this squatting man from the belt up as he fired his last shot.

Brennan's explanation, of course, was that Oswald had come out and squatted on the window sill prior to the arrival of the President; at which time he had had a chance to observe him more closely. It must be said that no one else saw Oswald sitting on the window sill, and it should perhaps be noted that Oswald would have found it difficult to perform the feat. As pictures taken at the time make clear, the entire window sill was blocked by three heavy cartons of books, arranged at an angle, the last carton resting on the sill itself and giving Oswald a rifle rest for his shots down Elm Street. For Oswald to have sat on the window sill and displayed himself to Brennan, he would have had to lug away some of the obstructing book cartons, and one might have thought that he would have raised the sash all the way up so that he could see out without obstruction. There is no evidence of any of this activity.

A hint of the puzzle shows in the testimony. David W. Belin, an assistant counsel, showed Brennan the Dillard photos, and it is fairly obvious that Brennan was a bit staggered. He had described the pile of boxes that reared

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up behind Oswald's nest, shielding Oswald from view inside the building. Belin asked if he had seen any box in the window itself.

"No, no," Brennan said. "That is, I don't remember a box in the window. . . ."

BELIN: Well, here is Exhibit 482. First of all, I see a box on Exhibit 482, right in the window.

BRENNAN: Yes, I don't recall that box.

There it ends. No one seems to have thought that the obstructing cartons raised a question of credibility about Oswald's supposed window-sitting feat—and so about all of Brennan's reported observations.

Brennan's subsequent performance on the day of the

assassination might well raise further doubts as to his story. After Oswald's arrest, Brennan was summoned to see if he could identify the suspect in a police line-up. He said that Oswald "looked like" the man he had seen in the window, but he could not be certain. Actually, he insisted to the commission, he had always been certain but he was scared of what might happen to himself or his family if he made a positive identification. As he explained to the commission:

"I believed at the time, and I still believe, it was a Communist activity, and I felt like there hadn't been more than one eyewitness, and if it got to be a known fact that I was an eyewitness, my family or I, either one, might not be safe."

It is impossible to reach a final judgment on Brennan's testimony, but it strains credulity to believe that he could have observed Oswald as he said he did. Had he known Oswald previously? Did he recognize him? And, if so, how and where and when had they met? Such questions instantly suggest themselves; indeed, they are elementary—but they were never asked.

In the brief span of life left to him, Oswald kept insisting —for example, to Seth Kantor of the Scripps-Howard press —that he had been made the "patsy." What did he mean by this? What might have been brought out had Oswald lived to go to trial? One can never know. Certainly, Oswald's character does not shine with the light of truth. He denied to police, for example, that he owned the Carcano, yet clearly it was his. Oswald was hardly the complete innocent that he pretended to be, and his cry of "patsy" may have been nothing more than the bleat of a guilty man deprived of other excuse. Yet, in view of all the evidence that there had to be a second gunman, one cannot completely dismiss the possibility that Oswald may indeed have been double-crossed so that other, more important men might go free.

If there was such a plot, what was its basis? There is a possibility that Oswald intended to kill Governor Connally, not President Kennedy. Connally was Secretary of the Navy when Oswald's honorable discharge from the Marines was changed into a dishonorable one, and Oswald blamed Connally, as he showed in one angry letter that he wrote. Since the only bullet definitely tied both to a victim and to Oswald's gun by ballistics tests is the one that wounded Connally, since the autopsy suggests that the first shot that struck the President was fired by another marksman, it is possible that Oswald's selected target was the Governor and that someone, knowing of his hate and intentions, perhaps stimulating them, took advantage of the situation. Such nagging threads of doubt and suspicion have been exhibited by those closest to Oswald. Marina Oswald first indicated to the Warren Commission that she had no doubt her husband had shot the President; but later she shifted ground and said she thought he might have intended to shoot Governor Connally. The change of testimony incensed Congressman Ford and veteran Sen. Richard B. Russell, who both concluded that, for some reason they couldn't fathom, Marina was a far less candid person than they originally had thought her. Immediately after the publication of the Warren Report, Robert Oswald said that he accepted its findings about his brother's guilt, but added that he felt someone must have worked on Lee to get him to commit such a deed.

Against this background, one is compelled to ask: What about the final and fatal head shot? If there was a second marksman, as the evidence indicates, did he fire this shot? Or did Oswald?

Two fairly large shell fragments, identified by ballistics experts as coming from Oswald's Carcano, were found in the front seat of the limousine. Clinging to them were particles of tissue, indicating that they had struck either the President or Governor Connally. No attempt was made to examine this tissue clinically; the fragments were simply cleaned off so that ballistics tests could be made. Since the commission had attributed all of Governor Connally's wounds to the nearly whole bullet found on his stretcher, it followed logically that these large fragments with their clinging tissue could have come only from the shattered head of the President.

But even here difficulties arise that make this conclusion

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not as simple as it first appears. As the commission reconstructed events, one bullet did all the damage to Governor Connally. The Governor himself could recall having been hit just once, but then he was in pain and shock and did not even realize his right wrist had been fractured until he woke up in the hospital and found it in a cast. For the commission, adhering to its one-assassin-three-shot theory, it was essential to decide that only one bullet had struck the Governor.

Cracks began to appear in this hypothesis with the testimony of FBI expert Frazier. Frazier said that the almost whole bullet weighed 158.6 grains; standard bullets of identical make weighed about 161 grains—sometimes even a little less. This meant, Frazier estimated, that the Connally bullet had probably lost only about 1.5 grains; it could not possibly have lost more than 3 or 4 grains. But Frazier had also been given a one-half grain fragment of metal that had been taken from Governor Connally's wrist. In addition, other minute fragments of metal were never recovered from the Governor's wrist and leg.

Lt. Col. Pierre S. Finck, chief of wound ballistics for the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, one of the three experts taking part in the autopsy at Bethesda, was asked by Specter whether this nearly whole bullet could have inflicted Governor Connally's wrist wound along with his other wounds.

"No; for the reason that there are too many fragments described in that wrist," Colonel Finck replied.

Commander Humes, asked if this nearly whole bullet, after passing through Governor Connally's chest, could have inflicted the wounds on his wrist and thigh, answered:

"I think that that is most unlikely. . . . The reason I believe it most unlikely that this missile could have inflicted either of these wounds is that this missile is basically intact; its jacket appears to be intact, and I do not understand how it could possibly have left fragments in either of these locations."

Commander Humes believed that the "intact" bullet was the one that had caused Governor Connally's chest wounds because no particles of metal were found in the Governor's chest and *"I doubt if this missile would have left behind it any metallic fragments from its physical appearance at this time."* Arlen Specter tried again, with a persistence that shows the importance he attached to the issue. But wouldn't it have been possible, he wanted to know, for this bullet to have caused Governor Connally's thigh wound? Colonel Humes stood fast. "I think that extremely unlikely. The reports, again Exhibit 392 from Parkland, tell of an entrance wound on the lower midthigh of the Governor, and X rays taken there are described as showing metallic fragments in the bone, which apparently by this report are still present in Governor Connally's thigh: *I can't conceive of where they came from this missile." (Italics added.)*

Dr. Robert Roeder Shaw, of Parkland Hospital, was asked whether this one bullet could have inflicted all of Governor Connally's injuries, and he replied: "I feel there would be some difficulty in explaining all of the wounds as being inflicted by bullet Exhibit 399 without causing more in the way of loss of substance to the bullet or deformation of the bullet. . . . As far as the wounds of the chest are concerned, I feel that this bullet could have inflicted those wounds. But the examination of the wrist both by X ray and at the time of surgery showed some fragments of metal that would make it difficult to believe that the same missile could have inflicted those two wounds. There seems to be more than three grains of metal missing as far as the—I mean in the wrist."

This explicit testimony strongly indicates that Governor Connally was hit by two bullets, a situation that in itself would cast heavy doubt on the commission's one-assassin-three-shot theory. It would also remove all certainty from the deduction that the two large fragments found in the front of the Presidential car were sprayed there from the bullet that killed the President. They may have been, but again they may not.

The possibility remains that Oswald, though clearly involved and guilty, may still have been a decoy for others more intent than he on killing the President. Who would these others have been? There is no evidence on which to base a judgment since the very possibility was shunted aside, first by authorities in Dallas and later by the commission. The kind of deep-digging investigation that alone could have found the answer was never made.

Given the almost hysterical right-wing bias of Dallas, given a "Patriot" whose brain had envisioned the wholesale slaughter of public officials, an all too easy assumption is that Oswald may have been the pawn in some devious right-wing conspiracy. But, again, it is not necessarily so. In the background are Oswald's undeniable Castroite activities and his earlier attempt, seemingly well established by the testimony of his wife, to assassinate rightist Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker. That abortive attempt at murder is said to have taken place on the evening of April 10, 1963, when a bullet, fired through the window of Walker's study, missed his head by inches, went through a wall and was later recovered, battered beyond identification, on some packing cases in an adjoining room. Marina Oswald testified that her husband, before going out that evening, had instructed her on how to act if he never came back. She said that he later admitted to her that he fired the shot, and that he hid the rifle for a time so that he would not be caught with the evidence if the bullet should be traced.

The Walker incident could suggest a plot by some Castroite fanatics of Oswald's own persuasion. For one thing, there are some indications, vague and indefinite but still disturbing, that Oswald was not alone in the Walker attempt. Robert Alan Surrey, who described himself as General Walker's partner in a book-publishing venture devoted to right-wing propaganda (he claimed the Fifth Amendment when the Warren Commission sought to question him about his role in distributing a scurrilous handbill that showed President Kennedy's picture under the headline, "Wanted for Treason") said that two nights before the shooting he had seen a car parked about 20 yards from Walker's house: "I saw two men around the house peeking into the windows and so forth." The men leaped into the car and sped away. Surrey chased them, but lost them. The next morning he reported the incident to General Walker, who notified the police. Surrey said he had not had a good look at either of the prowlers, and could not identify either as Oswald.

On the night of the Walker shooting, a next-door neigh-

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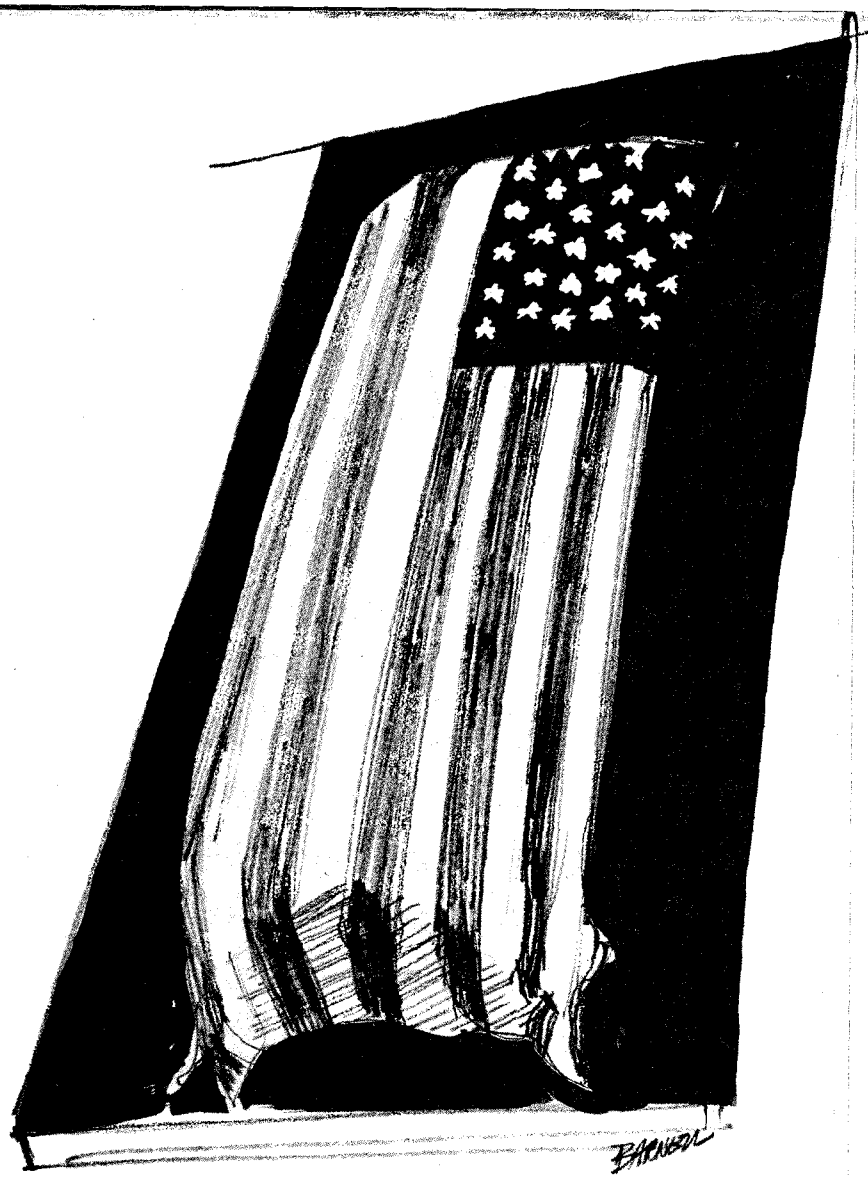

bor, Walter Kirk Coleman, 15, heard the sound of the shot. He ran out and peered over a picket fence into a Mormon Church parking lot that adjoined the Walker property. Coleman subsequently told authorities that he saw two men. One was hurrying toward the driver's seat of a Ford, parked headed out with lights on and motor running. The other went to a Chevrolet parked by the fence adjacent to the Walker property, and appeared to put something into the back of the car before getting in behind the wheel. Coleman could not tell whether there was anyone else in either car. Both cars drove away. Later, shown a picture of Oswald, Coleman told the FBI that neither of the men he saw resembled Oswald. And there it ends.

Again, nothing is definite. Surrey and Coleman may have seen different men, and perhaps none of these men had anything to do with the attempt on Walker's life. But the faint threads dovetailing between the two accounts, plus the fact that Coleman added he had never seen anyone prowling around the Walker home before or since, makes it seem unlikely that it could all have been inconsequential coincidence. If it was not, serious questions are raised. If Oswald had collaborators in an attempt on Walker's life, he might have had the same collaborators in a Kennedy assassination plot. Crackpot leftists might have hated Walker enough to want to kill him; and the same men, if of Castroite persuasion as Oswald was, might have hated Kennedy just as irrationally for the Bay of Pigs, the missile crisis and his general Cuban policy. It is only a possibility, but it cannot be dismissed.

In summary, then, we are left with this picture:

Unless the commission's one-shot-multiple-wound thesis can be justified, the entire one-assassin theory collapses. To uphold this hypothesis, the commission had to turn its back on Governor Connally's clear and explicit testimony; it had to disregard the graphic, corroborative evidence of the Zapruder film; it had to ignore the vital fact that *every* eyewitness supported the Governor, that *not one* saw the action as the commission reconstructed it. To make the pieces of its theory fit together, the commission took the fastest firing time of the fastest finger in the FBI and implied that this "bolt-action only" speed was consistent with both Oswald's capabilities and his task of aiming accurately at a moving target. But even with this assumption, theory would not mesh with fact. The commission's case rested upon the evidence of the Zapruder film and its own reconstruction, and it established these fixed points: if Oswald were the marksman, he could not have shot President Kennedy before frame 210—and Governor Connally could not have

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been wounded after frame 240. Yet the fastest marksmen the commission could find could not fire two shots within that time span; if the President and Governor Connally were wounded by separate shots, as the weight of the evidence indicates, there had to be a second marksman. This conclusion is reinforced by the anatomical evidence. The first bullet to strike the President, if fired on a downward-slanting angle by Oswald, could not have entered his back at the point it did and still have exited just below his Adam's apple; the anatomical evidence says that this bullet was fired into the President on virtually a flat trajectory. Such a trajectory would conflict with the angle of fire from Oswald's window, and so, in illustrative drawings, the entry wound *was actually moved* from back to neck; otherwise, the downward trajectory of this bullet could not have been depicted. All of this suggests a reconstruction of the assassination in serious conflict at vital points with the preponderance of the evidence.

Yet if the reconstruction was not valid, there had to be a second marksman—and a Pandora's box of possibilities flies open. To admit so much is to admit that the man whose bullet actually killed President Kennedy may still be at large.

WHAT POVERTY DOES to the MIND

ROBERT COLES

Dr. Coles, research psychiatrist at Harvard University Health Services, has worked for five years with Negro and white, urban and rural poor in both North and South. In an early issue we shall publish an article by William Ryan of the Massachusetts Committee on Children and Youth on the care of emotionally disturbed children.

It is interesting to see what the general public and its "culture" fastens upon in the psychiatric literature. Let child psychiatrists discuss—as they must—the latest clinical observations, and let them be as discreet or ambiguous as their training and the state of the data dictate, and a whole society stands breathlessly ready to forsake its notions about child rearing for yet another hypothesis become dogma. Let a psychoanalyst frown upon religion, seeing in it only neurosis institutionalized, and a generation of compliant ministers will nervously fear to say the obvious: every mind, even one that studies other minds, has limits upon what it can either rationally or emotionally understand. Finally, all one need do in America as a psychiatrist is speculate about what is still in many respects unknowable—the specific roots of alcoholism or addiction, even of mental illness itself—and a hungry, all too uncritical audience is assured.

Yet some of the most disciplined and substantial research in psychiatry today gets no such quick response from the same public. For ten years, a number of investigators have systematically tried to learn what poverty does to the mind's stability, to the individual's capacity to deal with life's issues as they arise day by day. What such psychiatrists and other social scientists have discovered is perhaps harder for the lay public to accept than the usual "applied" advice Americans seem able to obtain—or wantonly snatch—from their proliferating "experts." In brief, because the poor have no money, they must suffer more deprivations than hunger or rat-infested, freezing tenements; they get—as an additional incentive to stay in their place—shabby or inadequate medical and psychiatric care. What is more, the people who get the least help appear to need it most: the poor have a disproportionate chance of appearing in a psychiatric clinic or being committed to a mental hospital.

The whole thorny problem of what poverty—or for that matter any kind of hardship—does to the mind is by no means settled. No one yet knows exactly what mental illness is, or how it comes about. The very term is nondescript, embracing an assortment of symptoms and tribulations. Under such circumstances, neither harsh poverty nor idle affluence can be said to *cause* mental illness.

On the other hand, a psychiatrist and a sociologist at Yale, F. C. Redlich and A. Hollingshead, published in 1957 *Social Class and Mental Illness,* an ambitious and painstaking study that has become a classic. [See "Deformations of Society," a review by Arthur K. Davis, *The Nation,* June 28, 1958.] It has generated both similar projects and efforts to remedy the problems identified by the book. The authors studied the psychiatric population of New Haven and emerged with these conclusions: the poor have more than their share of mental illness—"the lower the class, the greater the proportion of patients in the population"; the more severe diagnosis of psychosis was applied much more frequently to the poor, while the middle- and upper-class patient was more commonly judged "neurotic"; the poor go to public hospitals and the rich go to private hospitals or secure private treatment. Moreover, the difference in institutions only begins to indicate how different the treatment can be. Lacking money (or education), the patient is likely to get drugs and electric shock, while well-to-do patients tend to receive individual psychotherapy. In brief, careful scrutiny showed what it would not be very hard to guess: the poor tend to predominate among patients, and get exactly what their resources command—the least medical attention, the lowest quality of care.

The everyday life of the poor is such that certain forms of medical and psychiatric illness are so widespread as to seem "normal"; they are everybody's lot. It is hard even to study the problem: the middle-class doctor is overwhelmed by finding that what he had always thought to be "symptoms," occurring only in some people, now appear everywhere; they are unremarkable, virtually the order of the day. Thus, in my work these past years with both the rural and urban poor, I have gradually found my own standards changing. I no longer notice with surprise the terribly rotted teeth, the poor hearing, the eyesight too long neglected, and hence hopelessly impaired. When I see children whose bone development is obviously faulty, who show signs of heart disease or skin disease of one sort or another,

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I have to remind myself how uncommon such ailments are among the rest of us. I often find myself taking for granted the occurrence of parasitic diseases. Rat bites no longer seem rare and awful: rodents are everywhere, in the halls and in the apartments as well as in the littered alleys. Finally, there are to be found in the poor a host of diseases, deficiencies and developmental disorders that even medical students in pursuit of variety and experience rarely see. They are the illnesses and erosions of the body that go with poor diet. They are the neurological disorders brought on by untreated or poorly treated injuries or diseases. They are the serious congenital and metabolic flaws—in us they are quickly spotted and treated—that have been allowed unimpeded existence or growth.

The mind does not live on its fantasies and dreams alone. The mind is the brain's possession, and as such lives in a body that constantly nourishes it (or fails to) by sending ceaseless messages—even in sleep—up the nervous system. No mind can ignore an ill body—one that is feverish, paralyzed, crippled, injured, pain-ridden, undernourished, infected with worms, covered with sores, or denied the signaling and informative function of its senses. One need only recall one's last bout, say, of the flu or a headache, to appreciate the moodiness brought on by even episodic and relatively mild bodily discomfort.

The mother of one child I am now studying—he is being bused from a ghetto school to a middle-class one—was recently told by an inspector from her city's welfare department that she seemed upset. "He said my nerves are bad, and you can tell it by the way I shout at the kids. So I asked him what I was supposed to do. Then he told me I shouldn't let the kids make so much noise, and I shouldn't have any more children—because I have too many already. I didn't dare answer him back; he has the money, and I need the money, or we'd starve. Then my nerves would be even worse!"

I asked her whether she thought he was right, whether in fact her nerves were worn thin, and if so whether she had any notion of what would make her feel better. "Yes, I think he was right," she answered immediately. Then she paused a few minutes, trying to collect in her mind a *solution*: "I was told in the City Hospital a few years ago that I was 'excitable.' The doctor, he told me I should take pills to quiet me down. He gave them to me—they were yellow, I recall—and I took them, but they didn't do a thing, except make me feel dopey. I was as upset as before, just all fogged up by the pills. So when I went back I told that to the doctor, and he said maybe I should go see the nerve doctor—the psychiatrist. They sent me over to that clinic, but they told me I would have to see a social worker first. I thought I was back in the welfare department, answering those questions she asked, one after the other. (They must memorize them in school.) She told me it was months you had to wait, and did I have a regular doctor to see in the meanwhile. I said I did, but it was he that sent me to get a psychiatrist in the first place. She said that was the way things are, and so I forgot about the whole thing."

I thought that she had more to tell, that months later she had heard from the psychiatric clinic. I waited a moment for her to resume the chronicle, and that failing I prompted her: "Then what happened?" She looked at me as if I were clearly confused—as well as confusing to her: "Nothing ever happened. I asked my doctor, and he told me you had to wait. That was last year. I was going to stop by and ask what happened, but my neighbor told me not to bother."

I know her neighbor, and have heard from her exactly what may well happen when a poor, rather uneducated but nonetheless intelligent and troubled person, *does* seek out and finally obtain a response from a psychiatric clinic or hospital: "They took me there and told me I had to stay because I was too sick to be at home. I was shaking, I knew that, and I lost my spirits so much I just cried and cried all day. I knew I was all mixed up, so to tell the truth I was glad to be in the hospital. When my kids came to see me they wanted to stay, the food was so good, and the place was kept warmer than our building ever was. After a while I must have calmed down, because they said I could go. They didn't hardly talk to me; they gave me pills, though. Sometimes I wanted to tell them what was going on, but they were too busy, I could tell. There would be one doctor to take care of a whole building, practically. Now I have to go back every month or so, to have my pills checked and get more. I try to talk with the doctor, but he hasn't got the time. He tells me I'll be fine, and to take the pills when I get nervous, and if it's especially bad, to take an extra one. If I tell him the pills aren't working, he tells me it takes time for them to work, and I'll be O.K. if I just hold out. I can tell by his face that he doesn't want to hear too much bad news from me. So when Mary told me she was going to talk with one of the psychiatrists, I told her there was no chance of that, and she was fooling herself. I said if she wanted even to see them, she'd better become crazier than she is—and even then she would get electricity through her head or some pills, *period.* You have to have money to get them to talk with you more than a couple of minutes, and we don't have the money, none of it. I tell my kids, without a dollar you're half-crazy at least; then all the other troubles fall on you, and you go the other half."

I had known her long enough and well enough to ask her rather directly whether money was the only issue: "Do you think you *could* talk to one of those doctors for a long time? I mean, would you be able to relax enough with them to tell what's on your mind?"

"Well, I sure would like to *try*," was her quick reply. "If they gave me the time, I would try to tell them what's wrong, or as much as I can see of it. It might not be the right answer, but it would be something; and if they listened to me, maybe *they* could find out what's the trouble. But they don't listen, and I know they haven't got the time. There aren't enough of them, not for people like us."

I was hearing from her those individual, face-to-face observations that do more than confirm what social scientists like Redlich and Hollingshead meticulously learn and carefully declare. A tough, repeatedly arrested youth from that same ghetto neighborhood put the problem this way: "They call me a delinquent, and they several times tell me it's my mind; that I'm all loused up in my mind. I'll tell you: I think they get themselves off easy that way. They can call me a name, and send me up to sit in jail

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or talk with the probation officer. But what about my life, and what's happening to me? I mean, if I'm nuts or something, do they stop and find out why. Not on your life. They call me 'nuts' so they can get rid of me. It makes them feel better. They know the score. But it does nothing for me that I can see."

The more time I spend with youths like him, or families like those who live near him, the more clearly I recognize the high psychological costs such people pay simply to stay alive, to keep going. If I respond with clinical alarm to their many emotional troubles I would soon enough learn how impossible such concern is. In certain respects what I would call "psycho-pathological" in well-to-do suburban people is everywhere among the poor, so that I have to call "customs" or "habits" what I once thought to be indications of "disease." It is hard to point out where society's injustice ends and the individual's confusion or disorder begins.

Is a mother "neurotic" when she sleeps with her older children—as we so commonly say when confronted with such instances in a middle-class home—or does she simply lack a bed for them, and the money to buy a bed? For that matter, even if she did have the money, it may well be better for her and her children to sleep together. I once asked such a mother why she preferred buying a television set to an additional bed. "I know, the welfare people and the visiting nurse tell me not to keep my children in my bed; but I want them as near as they can be at night. In the day, they leave for the street, and Lord knows what happens. I figure that if they are close by at night, they'll remember me in the day, and maybe they'll be spared all the trouble that comes on you when you grow up."

I have seen enough families like hers to pause for a time before disagreeing, or offering my particular knowledge as a remedy for her problems. She and millions of others live not only in sordid, rotting tenement blocks but in the cabins of tenant farmers and sharecroppers. Without jobs, without the prospect of jobs, exposed to every uncertainty, from freezing temperatures to the next day's illness or scarcity of food, they huddle together, suspicious of a world that so far keeps them exactly where they are. What do old and crowded schools mean to them or their children? Why respect the police, who come in and tell them to obey laws which do nothing to help free them from their present conditions? What is the use of being thoughtful and kind to one's neighbor when every incident in the street says that it is the brutish and the callous who win?

The psychiatrist who has to face such awful facts—they are, in sum, a story of national wealth still helpless before the suffering of millions—may be tempted in several directions. He can cling tenaciously to his own experiences and attitudes: delinquents are delinquents; school dropouts are school dropouts; the sick are the sick, universally present, made so by common and verifiable causes—genes, or subtle and not so subtle experiences within the family. He can throw up his hands in proper embarrassment and bewilderment: I am a doctor, a middle-class professional man, and as a result beset by limitations upon my experience and empathy. I can do only what I can, understand the people I have been brought up to understand, treat the people I have been trained to treat. It is for others—politicians and their antagonists—to solve social problems, to work with the complaints of the poor, to take care of their needs.

Alternatively, he can frequent the painful borderline territory that compels his involvement in social issues—and among those whose lives are unlike his own—but at the cost of more than occasional frustration and uncertainty. As a doctor he will know that the poor lack money to command private care—and get precious little public care, if their medical needs and difficulties are a relevant standard of measurement. As a psychiatrist he will realize that a benighted or harsh social order affects its individual members all the time, in dozens of ways, so that dark halls, roaches, idle hours and scant food spawn frightened children who years later are adults plagued by defeat, futility, hate or finally insensibility. He will not deny his own work, the treatment of those people who, as one distinguished psychoanalyst has put it, "have lost the freedom to change with changing circumstances." Neither will he neglect to point out again and again the desperate need the poor (and all of us) have for those very changing circumstances. He will recognize the barriers in himself and others that keep him from understanding the poor, even as he tries to surmount those barriers—the attempt being mandatory not only for moral reasons but for professional ones. For one thing, we know all too little about the diverse ways that individuals come to terms with their particular worlds. An even more compelling reason is the fact that there can be a frightful contagion to professional insularity: it starts out by insisting upon its lack of interest in this or that problem, but soon its spirit and influence spreads. The "objective" restrictions to professional concern or competence become the doctor's inner restrictions. The development of yet another self-possessed and chilly technician is completed.

LETTERS *(continued from page 730)*

If the President really reflects the common will, why aren't my male students enlisting en masse instead of howling that low grades will be their infinitely reluctant deaths?

Conrad Chayatte, Associate Professor of Psychology, DePaul University

bourgeoisement ressentiment

Paris, France

DEAR SIRS: When I signed a summer lease the other day, it made me laugh to observe that I was agreeing to conduct myself *bourgeoisement* on the premises. Still, I reflected, it is good to be reminded of what the word bourgeois means, of what it simply means, divested of the fast-drying scurrility that so irremovably plasters contemptuous epithets upon it. Thank God, I went on to reassure myself, for *The Nation* and its few equals which, however implacably they castigate, never descend from the level of scrupulous language. I have just read [*The Nation*, May 23] the otherwise carefree article, "Touring the Hinterland," in which Julius Novick wonders whether the "young" audience in the provincial theatres may not secretly long for something entitled *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*, and goes on to add: "Bourgeois they may be, but they are often a credit to the bourgeoisie." *Bourgeoisement* I resent this.

Forgive me for this petty fault finding with language; in your policies and your judgments I find nothing with which to quarrel. *Robert C. Stephenson*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Marxist Heavyweight Division

MONOPOLY CAPITAL: An Essay on the American Economic and Social Order. *By Paul A. Baran and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 402 pp. $8.75.*

JAMES O'CONNOR
Mr. O'Connor will join the Economics Department of San Jose State College in September. He is an associate editor of Studies on the Left.

In *Capital* Marx set out to discover the "laws of motion" of capitalism (or what is called today the theory of economic growth) under conditions of competitive markets. Writing a few decades later, Hilferding and Lenin observed that monopolistic markets had replaced competition as the dominant form of economic organization, but were silent on the future prospects of the advanced capitalist economies of their day. Over twenty years ago, Michael Kalecki, whose *Theory of Economic Dynamics* established him as perhaps the most brilliant Marxist economist of this century, took the first giant step toward uncovering the "laws of motion" under *monopoly* capitalism. The first part of the late Professor Baran's *The Political Economy of Growth* falls more or less easily in the Kalecki tradition and, besides, introduces us for the first time to the central concept of the volume under review—the idea of "economic surplus." Now *Monopoly Capital,* a joint effort by the two leading Marxist economists on these shores, offers the first scientific account of the growth process in contemporary United States.

Mark well the word "scientific." What distinguishes *Monopoly Capital* from pure and bastardized versions of contemporary neo-classical and neo-Keynesian growth "theories" served up by orthodox economics, is precisely what separated *Capital* from its orthodox counterparts a century ago: Like Marx, Baran and Sweezy root their theory in real, concrete observations (some would say "sociological observations") of economic life. For Marx, the important datum was the wage labor-capital relationship; for Baran and Sweezy, it is the pricing, costing and investment process in the giant corporation functioning in markets characterized by only a handful of sellers, or oligopolistic markets.

Orthodox growth economists, on the other hand, still "put the science before the science" by basing *their* theories on certain *assumed* behavior on the part of "rational" savers, investors and firms. Their "models" have the appearance of scientific theories when they are "empirically verified," but as any decent sociologist knows, "all the facts in the world fit all the theories in the world." Aware that their opinion alone of what is rational behavior and what is not is irrelevant to the actual growth process, Baran and Sweezy base a theory of aggregate growth on a brilliant description (not all of it original with them, as they are the first to point out) of the economic forces at work in the main centers of economic power—the giant corporations.

Baran and Sweezy's theory of growth by no means exhausts the accomplishments of *Monopoly Capital,* which is much more than its modest subtitle, "An Essay on the American Economic and Social Order," suggests. It is that rare commodity today, a book which treats of the quality of contemporary American life, yet rarely wearies the reader with mere opinion of the authors on the range of social questions. The book denounces—but also dissects. It is more than just another addition to the enormous academic and popular literature (C. Wright Mills to Vance Packard) which has turned up the weeds and explored the dark corners of American society. More important, it is unique in its attempt to come to grips with the society's malaise in a systematic way, within the confines of a theoretical framework based on a coherent description of our dominant institutions.

Central to this framework is the idea of economic surplus. A serviceable definition of the economic surplus is the difference between the economy's total output and the cost of producing it. The cost of producing total output is best thought of as the volume of "socially necessary" consumption of productive labor—a concept with no exact empirical counterpart. The volume of surplus is roughly indicative of a society's potential for freedom —freedom from necessary labor—and how it utilizes the surplus signifies how that society uses its freedom. Further, analyses of why we use the surplus in the ways that we do tell us why we use our freedom as we do. The old-fashioned Marxist way of saying this is that the mode of surplus utilization is the mechanism linking up base and superstructure.

The central contradiction of monopoly capitalism thus can be stated as follows: there is a growing disparity between the potential for freedom (volume of the surplus) and the wasteful and destructive uses to which freedom is now put (utilization of the surplus). On the one hand, compared with the real cost of producing the total output, we are rich beyond the wildest dreams of Midas. On the other hand, the corporate oligarchy wastes and uses our potential freedom for destructive purposes. Baran and Sweezy analyze the chief forms of wasteful and destructive spending—advertising, built-in obsolescence, unwanted style changes and other expenditures which make up the "sales effort," throughways, urban renewal and other monsters of civilian government and, finally, the war machine. The giant corporations are identified as the virulent bacteria.

"Monopoly capitalism is a system made up of giant corporations." The corporations are ruled by professional managers, but the managers' behavior is not very different from that of the old-fashioned entrepreneur—both are eager to maximize profits. Now independent of bank control and able to finance their own research, expansion and modernization programs, the corporations have three aims —strength, growth and size—and profits are the key to achieving all three. Marx's old slogan, "Accumulate! Accumulate! That is Moses and Prophets" is not as threadbare as some might think. Baran and Sweezy conclusively show that profits remain the driving force of monopoly capitalism as well as competitive capitalism, and thus the process of unplanned, unrestrained accumulation continues to dominate economic change.

The corporations dominate the economic landscape; small business is in the shadows. But even the biggest corporations account for only a small share of total output. Thus, "overall, monopoly capitalism is as unplanned as its competitive predecessor." How does it work?

Prices in oligopolistic markets are flexible, but in only one direction—upward; price wars are left to the small fry. Price policies ordinarily seek to maximize profits (or increments to profit) for the industry as a whole. The search for higher profits takes the form of struggles over market shares; meanwhile, there is a

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powerful built-in incentive for the corporations to reduce costs. Profits are directly enhanced, and from a financial standpoint, the corporations are better equipped to expand their share of the market. With an increasing disparity between costs and prices, the corporate economy as a whole generates a larger and larger volume of economic surplus. What is more, the "investment seeking" part of the surplus rises relative to total surplus because of limits on personal consumption by capitalists.

This is a rough, capsule view of one side of the story. Simultaneously, outlets for surplus in the area of productive investments tend to dry up. The main reasons are not "exogenous" to the system, but are contained within it, are a necessary and inevitable part of it. The key determinant of productive investment is technological progress. (Late in the book there is a lucid and convincing analysis of the favorable effects of the automobile on investment outlets.) Under competitive capitalism, investment in new technology is determined by uncontrolled market forces. Under monopoly capitalism, while the volume of innovations may not be affected, *the rate at which innovations are introduced* in the production process is slower than under a regime of competition. It is not in the interests of the corporations to "slaughter the value" of their capital by changing their production techniques overnight. Nor would it be in the interest of a competitive firm. The difference is that the competitive firm has no say over the matter. Thus we are offered a theory of total investment (and economic growth) based on an analysis of corporate behavior. This is an important accomplishment because "macro-economics" and "micro-economics" ordinarily constitute completely separate fields of study.

Surplus which is not utilized, or spent, is surplus which is not produced. And surplus not produced signifies capacity not utilized and unemployment. The normal *tendency* of U.S. capitalism is therefore stagnation; the tendency is replaced by historical fact when there are insufficient offsets to the rising surplus. Apart from outlets for the surplus in the area of productive investments arising from major technical breakthroughs (the automobile and, perhaps, the transistor, which the authors fail to discuss), historically, the major offsets have been the "sales effort" and military expenditures. The chapter on the sales effort contains a beautiful analysis of the interpenetration of production costs and selling expenditures, and suggests that a growing proportion of selling expenses are built into the commodities themselves.

The excellent chapter on U.S. militarism and imperialism is unsatisfactory in one major sense: the authors seem to think that there are certain limits on military expenditures arising mainly from the nature of modern weaponry. I think that they grossly underestimate U.S. military needs, and therefore possible offsets, in the struggle against national liberation movements. Besides, I suppose because much of the book was written some years ago, there is hardly a word about space expenditures as a mode of surplus utilization. These are hidden forms of military expenditures and are likely to continue to expand at a rapid rate.

The other main potential outlets for surplus are civilian government expenditures. These are sharply limited (not absolutely, but relative to total product) partly by the unwillingness of private capital to allow the state to encroach on its traditional territory. The critique of efforts at liberal reform in the chapter on civilian government will be familiar to readers of *Monthly Review,* a Socialist publication edited by one of the authors of *Monopoly Capital.* My major quarrel with this analysis is not that the state will not ordinarily lay out funds unless private capital profits thereby, but that a rational capitalist state may be able to make urban renewal (not current-day human removal which is perpetuated under the slogan of urban renewal) and other welfare expenditures profitable. Of course, this would require the rationalization of the present-day haphazard system of subsidies to private business (euphemistically called the welfare state) and a considerable degree of planning, by the corporations and for the corporations. But can we really rule out completely the possibilities of thoroughgoing intercorporate planning? General Motors today, after all, produces in well over 100 different industries. One of the motivations, according to Mr. Sloan of GM's billion-dollar expansion program in the first half of the 1950s, was precisely to raise the level of aggregate demand. The giants continue to gobble up small and medium-sized firms at an astounding rate. Will it be true forever that the biggest corporation will continue to account for only a small share of total output? There is every reason to believe that the corporations are aware of the need for profitable surplus offsets, and that, objectively, they are more and more in a position to do something about it. Especially if the control of the corporate oligarchy over the federal government hardens—and there is reason to believe that this is in the cards, as well.

A general review of *Monopoly Capital* would not be complete without a tentative attempt at placing the book in the overall field of contemporary radical social science, both Marxist and non-Marxist. In the heavyweight division, there are only four contenders (although we are fortunate to have a growing flock of middleweights, some of whom may bloom into heavies): two are the authors of *Monopoly Capital,* one of whom, Paul Baran, is dead. Of the other two, C. Wright Mills is also dead; one is a historian at the University of Wisconsin. C. Wright Mills's classic, *The Power Elite,* which Baran and Sweezy rely on in more than one connection, can be regarded as working out the details of certain propositions in *Monopoly Capital* regarding the role of the corporate manager in the political system. A good part of the work of William Appleman Williams can be seen as the exploration of the ideological aspects of monopoly capitalism, with an eye to identifying the continuity of American expansionism from colonial times through the competitive phase down to the present system of corporate rule. From this angle, *Monopoly Capital* may be regarded as an analysis of the sources of contemporary political formations (American imperialism) which Mills described so well and the corporate, and therefore the American, ideology which Williams has dissected more fully than anyone else. For lesser social scientists with a yearning to exercise their critical, as well as their technical, intelligence, *Monopoly Capital* will be a munificent source of insights and ideas for many years to come.

THE ORANGE

like a purse-snatcher my mouth
pulls the slice off its skin
I am eating a good orange but
my one real idea of myself and the earth
buries itself in the yells of the bus's stopping outside
did ezekiel only hear rumors of the wheel I wonder
when from the wall of sloshy taste in my mouth
a sky-blue love of my legs uncrossing now
like a bird tries to fly

ALLAN KAPLAN

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The Economics of Optimism

INSURING FULL EMPLOYMENT. *By John H. G. Pierson. Foreword by Hubert H. Humphrey. The Viking Press. 305 pp. $6.*

THE GUARANTEED INCOME. *Edited by Robert Theobald. Doubleday & Co. 233 pp. $4.95.*

JAMES F. BECKER

Associate professor of economics at New York University, Mr. Becker has published in professional journals as well as in Studies on the Left *and* Columbia Forum.

The lack of real vitality that is cloaked by the pervasive optimism of the economist is most evident in his political economy: in the quality of the union that obtains among economic theory, the political stance of the economist, and the ultimate values that he needs to promote. From among these the whole man seldom emerges. The symptoms of the failure to supply what is demanded by the best traditions are the irrelevance of advice to urgent needs, or the failure to give it when it is needed, or the simple tender of bad advice. These deficiencies have their apologists, of course. A recent president of the American Economic Association ventured to say: ". . . our humbleness is built out of knowledge, not out of ignorance." Whether humility is evident in such a claim is as doubtful, it would seem, as whether economists know what our needs really are, or what has to be done in order to cope with them.

Such a charge can hardly be substantiated fully by referring to only two recent works, except insofar as these are typical in salient respects. The volume by Mr. Pierson represents, certainly, a too common view of the theoretical and political import of Keynesian economics. He begins with the famous simple model in which the aggregate demand for product comprises the demands of consumers, government, private investors and "net foreign demand." He then offers a political interpretation of the model in which those dragon's teeth of Keynes's *General Theory,* never too firmly rooted, are once more painlessly extracted.

Despite recognition of a tendency to less than full employment within our economic order, Pierson's devotion to private enterprise leads him to veer away from Keynes's suggestion that private investment needs to be supplemented ("socialized," Keynes said) in order to maintain full employment. Instead, we must peg the level of consumer expenditures as high as possible, and what is possible Pierson would gauge by what consumers have in the past been willing to spend under conditions approximating full employment. What gorging this entails would be underwritten by a system of state subsidies, alternating with positive taxes when necessary to hold us on the target, if not upon it. He joins the happy band seeking a "negative income tax" or, as he prefers, a "reversible federal sales tax."

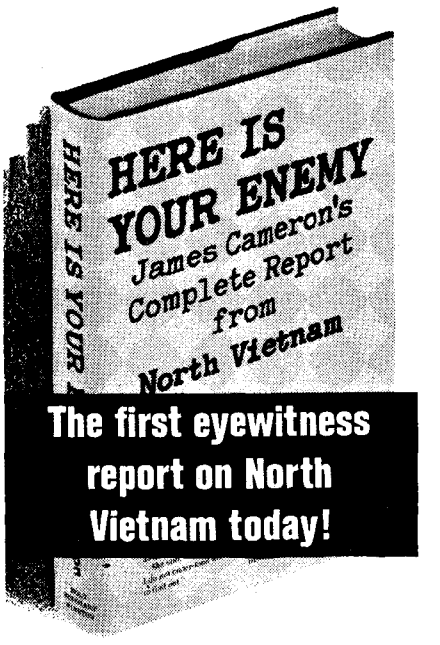
By maximizing consumption under the administrative auspices of government, we can more readily achieve full employment and at the same time minimize the danger that public investment will encroach upon inviolable precincts. The shade of public works and services is exorcised, becoming one among other "compensatory devices" for filling the gap left over when private consumers and investors, along with foreign purchasers of our products, have had their fill, or their swill, as the case may be. The gains:

> First, our greater prosperity and economic security will increase our capacity and no doubt our willingness to extend material aid to other countries. Second, our larger income and demand will automatically, without any special effort or sacrifice on our part, increase our imports from other countries to some extent. Third . . . we will be able to modify our trade policies and practices in the interests of other countries . . . without, as would be the case now, risking injury to our own essential interests.

As if these were not gain enough, Pierson implies that his remarkably costless policies would repair the "lack of social cohesion in the United States which a wide segment of thoughtful opinion regards as a serious and growing danger."

To a point, his argument is consistent with the theoretical model from which he begins, but there is a grander inconsistency that infects this and similar works. The defect appears when we ask what kind of world will follow from such policies. "The day will come," he says, "when working will no longer have the value it now has," and he cites approvingly the remark of H. Kirk Dansereau: "The teen-agers' design for living, organized as it is around leisure-time pursuits and fun, rather than around work, may be a prototype of the adult world of the future when automation has deprived many people of work . . . as a source of life satisfaction."

Why such a world should be termed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"adult," and why the childish activities it comprehends should contribute to international or domestic cohesion, is unclear and must forever remain so. Pierson refers derogatorily to "the aseptic world of perfect competition," but it is hard to conceive of a world more sterile than that of the neo-Keynesians who believe that a still greater supply of "swilled insolence" will serve our needs for freedom, cohesion, or anything else worth having.

Since the publication two years ago of the report of "The Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution," the central proposition of *The Guaranteed Income* has become familiar, though not yet so much so as to arouse contempt. Our vast productive capacity, together with the continuing displacement of labor through rapid technical change ("automation" and "cybernation"), enables us to guarantee all men an income, whether employed or not. The "link between jobs and income" can be severed so that all men can be free.

The nobility of the aspiration, and the unabashed assertion of an indissoluble bond between security and freedom, seem calculated to bring together both Right and Left in a common cause of political economy. The trouble is that the bond is not wholly visible, and remains unclear despite, for example, Mr. Theobald's arithmetical illustration of the simple calculations, in the style of the "negative income tax," that will lead to the requisite income flows from our emancipator, the Internal Revenue Service. Contempt may yet be bred.

Not that the essays are wholly bad. McLuhan's, for instance, is provocative and vaguely poetic, but remains curiously equivocal even after one subdues his ambiguities of language and peculiarities of style. One is amusing: C. E. Ayres's vigorous but doubtless futile resuscitation of the political economy of Locke's second *Treatise*.

One or two essays are informative: Ben Seligman's survey of labor displacements by automation, and Conrad Arensberg's somewhat turgid exposition of some theses of Karl Polanyi. One is so freighted with the optimistic visions of the man of good will (Erich Fromm) that virtually all consideration is waived of obstacles to their realization. Theobald's own remarks are, happily, rather brief, for his discussion of "The Background to the Guaranteed Income Concept" is historically innocent and theoretically inept.

Where Pierson's work is given a certain unity and semblance of authenticity by virtue of the simple model, *The Guaranteed Income,* lacking such a foundation, is a rambling compendium of diverse opinions, some interesting and some not. Among the interesting is McLuhan's observation that the possibility of cybernating production of our material fundamentals makes it reasonable for us to think of "jobs" in a new, more significant way. "The job" is whatever occupation, by demanding the full exercise of all of our faculties, hastens our further development as human beings. This marks a conceptual advance, with respect to the nature of the activities that it is now possible for us to pursue, over the "free" and aimless playing favored by irresponsible utopians. What measures would serve to promote full employment of this type, with the displacement of labor proceeding apace, McLuhan does not tell us. But it is not his business to tell us; it is rather the business of economists to say what policies are appropriate to the technical facts of life to which he draws our attention. Meno Lovenstein's essay, "Guaranteed Income and Traditional Economics," does not take us far since he, like Theobald, ignores so many of the relevant traditions.

Both volumes have in common a failure to make clear those interrelations among theory, policy, and social values without which our efforts to improve ourselves must be fumbling. Bits and pieces are to be found in *The Guaranteed Income,* but their integration is nowhere effected. This lack of system has but one advantage. If it makes it impossible for those who support a guaranteed income of some sort to demonstrate the practicality of their proposal, it makes it equally impossible for those who oppose it to know how to condemn it.

Until social theory and social values have been synthesized, there must always be excessive arbitrariness and error in the ways that we adopt to insure both the jobs and the incomes that will serve the varied needs of all. Men, even intellectual men, will entertain the naive hope that "the guaranteed income," or some other shibboleth, will free us from work, rather than free us from the labors that no longer serve our needs in order to put us to work at the labors that do.

The Permanent Hell

BUCKDANCER'S CHOICE. *By James Dickey. Wesleyan University Press. 79 pp. $1.85 paper.*

DAVID IGNATOW

Mr. Ignatow's most recent collection of verse is Figures of the Human *(Wesleyan University Press).*

Winner of the 1965 National Book Award, James Dickey's fourth book has a poem, "The Firebombing," that I have read and reread, fascinated by what it omits to say. I have been seeking to make out the meaning of this gap and have come to believe it is the poem itself, as the holes in Moore's sculpture determine its form. The structure is the message, perhaps because what is being said is too terrifying to contemplate aloud, for an American, for any human.

The poem is a semi-dream of the poet's experience as a war pilot over Japan during an "anti-morale" mission to deliver napalm bombs at night on an outlying suburb. He is recalling the moment twenty years after, as he stands in the pantry of his own suburban home, amid the wives, children, husbands and houses of his neighbors. He also finds himself tied down to debts, domestic routines and chores and social ritual, all of which serve to stupefy him. He is growing a paunch. As he stands there, he can recall the beauty of the night flight over the Japanese suburb, the clouds and the moon, but most vividly he sees again the flashes of flame making the night brilliant as napalm connects with cottage rooftops. Ruefully, he remembers no horror in himself then, but even as now the aesthetic pleasure in the power and the flame. He contemplates this flaw in himself. It seems without solution. If punishment he must feel, it is to know that between then and now nothing has happened but this constrained existence.

The beauty of the language, its forceful detail, throw one off from these implications. One gasps in admiration at the daring word combinations which achieve the dreamlike affect.

. . . Ah, under one's dark arms
Something strange-scented falls—
when those on earth
Die, there is not even sound;
One is cool and enthralled in the cockpit,
Turned blue by the power of beauty,
In a pale treasure-hole of soft light
Deep in aesthetic contemplation,
Seeing the ponds catch fire
And cast it through ring after ring
Of land: O death in the middle
Of acres of inch-deep water! . . .

The poem ends cryptically:

Absolution? Sentence? No matter;
The thing itself is in that.

If I read the silences and these last two lines right, Dickey finds himself in

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a permanent hell from which no *mea culpa* can save, because it is the nature of guilt to be in hell. In the poem, in a context hardly flattering, is also reference to love of one's own country from which these night deeds spring.

Dickey has always done suberbly in poems about his own family and there are more than several here that deserve a place among the best, including "Buck-dancer's Choice," "The Escape" and "The Celebration." Here is a short excerpt from "The Celebration":

From the crowd I watched them,
Their gold teeth flashing,
Until my eyes blurred with their riding
Lights, and I turned from the standing
To the moving mob, and went on:

Stepped upon sparking shocks
Of recognition when I saw my feet
Among the others, knowing them given,
Understanding the whirling impulse,
From which I had been born,
The great gift of shaken lights,
The being wholly lifted with another,

All this having all and nothing
To do with me. Believers, I have seen
The wheel in the middle of the air
Where old age rises and laughs,
And on Lakewood Midway became
In five strides a kind of loving,
A mortal, a dutiful son.

In this poem, just as in his earlier work, he invokes a mystical alignment of man with natural recurrent forces. This is especially striking in poems dealing with animals, such as "Pursuit From Under," "Gamecock and Fox Blood," respectively. Here Dickey merges himself with their sensibilities, to be rescued only by the power of his words. Of the two poems that compare in length and scope with "The Firebombing," namely "The Fiend" and "Slave Quarters," neither one quite makes it for me on the same level with "The Firebombing." In "The Fiend" I sense condescension. Its structure depends upon Dickey's identification with the character, but the language operates against the character and makes us lose sympathy with him, at least as a subject. It is a study of an accountant hiding in a tree at night as a peeping Tom. "Slave Quarters," also using the identification method, has its moments but is clearly made up of material banal by now, except for an ending of several lines—the poem's point—for which I found myself waiting too long.

In a paradoxical way, Dickey is an offshoot of Walt Whitman. To Dickey the self is all, as in Whitman who drew all creatures and persons to himself in a transcendent relationship. For Dickey, the self in which he resides is not the self he celebrates. Rather it seems to need confirmation from others. Only after this exchange is he restored to his original self, perhaps strengthened. It is a way of reassuring one's self, as the world stands today. Perhaps this is the root to the power of that dread poem "The Firebombing." Without reciprocal relationships nothing really exists.

Too Good for Others

AMERICA'S PARADISE LOST. *By Willard Price. The John Day Co. 240 pp. $5.95.*

STEPHEN ZOLL

Articles by Mr. Zoll have appeared in Dissent, The Village Voice *and* The Nation.

The location of islands is a difficult problem in casual geography. Where, for instance, are the Canaries, the Cape Verdes, the Sandwich Islands, the West Frisian Islands, the South Orkneys, the Lofotens, Svalbard, the Seychelles, Queen Elizabeth Islands? Most mid-ocean islands, such as those of Micronesia, the subject of *America's Paradise Lost,* are the product of volcanic activity which, in an indirect way, saves us continentals from being islanders. One view holds that the material of which the moon is constituted originated from what is now the Pacific Ocean basin, and that the wrenching free of such a granitic mass upset the stability of the underlying basaltic crust, allowing plutonic eruptions along the weakened lines of the resulting faults. But if the moon were returned to the Pacific, or had it never left, sea level would be many hundreds of feet higher and the globe would look like a collection of New Zealands, Japans and Franz Josef Lands. Parts of Colorado might just possibly be tentatively engaged in limited marine commerce with the Presidential Range Archipelago of New Hampshire.

America's Paradise Lost deals with some of the better known, but still unfamiliar, mid-ocean islands, and its true subject is the nonmetaphysical fate of being an island. The book is a listless polemic against the nonfeasance of the United States in the task of administering the islands of

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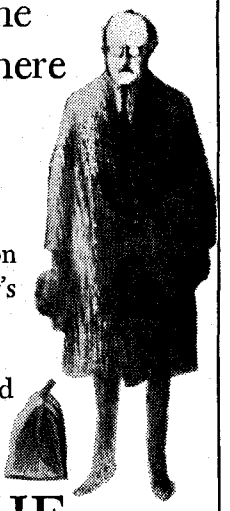

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Micronesia, a trust territory assigned to the United States by the United Nations twenty unproductive years ago.

Micronesia, as a ward of Congress, includes the Marianas, Carolines and Marshalls; chiefly they are known as the scene of various battles with the Japanese and as the stamping grounds of teams of anthropologists. Mr. Price tells us that our country's trusteeship is a colonial problem, and one we are closer and closer to getting blamed for. He is probably right about the blame, even if the accusers can't quite locate Ponape, Palau, Jaluit, Rongerik, Majuro, etc.

Colonialism is an expansive word that need have no exact definition but is a shorthand for the supposed injustice of a powerful country seemingly having its way with a weaker one. The trouble is, the author states (and we should be willing enough to take his word for it as his facts sound accurate, though his conclusions are misleading), that the United States' interest is only to prevent any other landlord from becoming interested in gaining tactical bases of problematic importance: it is a parcel of real estate not good enough for us to improve, but too good for anyone else. Price says that it is our colonial problem because the islanders, having lost their paradise due to wars, atomic testing and being subjected to the magazine advertisements of the good life outside of Eden, have received no recompense for their loss of innocence.

'Micronesia was known to the Portuguese in the early 16th century; annexed by Spain; interbred with Polynesians, Japanese and Melanesians; won from Spain by America but, except for Guam, given back; sold by Spain to Germany; entrusted to Japan; recaptured by America. Except to fortify the islands, no one seems to have known what to do with them. It is a collection of 2,000 islands totaling 1,000 dry square miles, spread out (without a hint of unifying nationalism) in 4 million square miles of ocean and underinhabited by a population of about 100,000. This is a practical density of one person per 40 square miles, a fact that Congress cannot be expected to legislate against. Broadway might be something less than the Great White Way if, proportionally, there were only six people living in Manhattan and two more scattered throughout Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx. The relationship between the benefits of civilization (once past the stage of missionaries and their civilizing Mother Hubbards) and civilization itself is not always equal to the relationship of fleas and their dog. It seems clear that Micronesia desperately needs the benefits of colonization. Chief among these would be colonists.

Micronesia is not without resources. Apparently, flourishing industries could be developed in fishing, agriculture, tourism, light manufacture, fertilizers, etc. I would be quite put out if Congress appropriated money in any really useful—which is to say, substantial—amount toward this development. However, this is far from a present danger. Mr. Price seems to urge that a greater generosity be shown these islands also as expiation of a blood guilt.

Colonialism has often been a scourge where the population pressures insured cheap labor but also swallowed the increase in the colony's productivity, and where what was plowed back of the colonists' profits was not redistributed with any fairness. This does not mean that all colonies did not prosper or that colonialism is an absolute evil. Further, profit is a far more compelling incentive than a profiteer's recognition of a God-given opportunity to enhance his mother country's international image. Perhaps Congress could set the ground rules.

Without roads, adequate inter-island communication, schools, know-how or capital (Yap stone money would not be useful) to invest, Micronesia does have uncrowded space, fertility for sugar, pineapples, bananas, dairying, a labor supply, an unfished ocean, salubrious climate, etc. Far from being the "world's largest colony, America's embarrassing burden," it seems a territory ripe for colonization. John Donne, in addition to writing that "no man is an island," admitted also that there were those "whom the flood did o'erthrow."

When Sugar Was King

SLAVE SOCIETY IN THE BRITISH LEEWARD ISLANDS AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *By Elsa V. Goveia. Yale University Press. 370 pp. $8.50.*

OTTO H. OLSEN

Mr. Olsen is associate professor of history at Morgan State College. He is the author of Carpetbagger's Crusade: The Life of Albion W. Tourgee *(Johns Hopkins Press).*

Almost exactly one century ago, a Southern Confederacy, no stranger to democracy and led by men of great ability, wealth and knowledge, was reluctantly abandoning its bloody and costly effort to preserve a society based upon Negro slavery. Today, chattel slavery may be dead, but frightening problems of race and of a foolish dedication to economic systems are all too much still with us. The study of slavery affords fascinating insights into the difficulties not only of a past but of a present where injustice and the dangers of desperation are closer to home than Americans care to admit.

The names Elkins, Stampp, Rose, Wade and Genovese remind us that modern mores and research have already provided an impressive reconsideration of the facts of slavery in the United States. But ours is by no means the only society informed and perplexed by such a heritage. Elsa V. Goveia, a professor of history at the University of the West Indies in Jamaica, has furnished additional information in a study of several small, now relatively unknown, islands to the west of Puerto Rico.

Miss Goveia presents a picture that appears to confirm Stanley Elkins' insistence upon the uniquely callous nature of slavery within the British Empire. Established and conducted for profit and long free of external restraint, slavery in these Leeward Islands was a selfish, barbarous and wasteful system. Backed by British might, a startlingly small minority of whites maintained that system by coercion and law, by racial caste and Christian suasion, and by keeping Negroes racially divided, socially disorganized and physically exhausted.

Here sugar rather than cotton was king, but despite peculiarities of its own, the society depicted often reminds one of our own colonial and ante-bellum South. Similar to Eugene Genovese's assertions respecting our own South, Miss Goveia concludes that slavery determined and dominated the entire social structure of this society.

More unique to these islands was the remarkable preservation among the Negro population of African traditions—in dress, food, worship, folklore and music—particularly prior to a surge of Christian missionary activity late in the 19th century. Possibly this Christianity contained some promise of moral challenge to the entire social structure, but its immediate impact was rather to bolster slavery by preaching obedience and submission to the bondmen and undermining the independent identity of their culture.

These and additional pertinent facts are carefully spelled out by the author in a dry, detailed and documented manner reminiscent of the Cambridge vol-

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umes in economic history. Such scholarship has, without doubt, a wealth and a fascination of its own, but many readers may find too little of the soaring of a Eugene Genovese or the human and subtle touch of a Willie Lee Rose. A final chapter constitutes an admirable recapitulation of the entire book, and the volume has an index that is a model of thorough care.

A most fascinating aspect of this study is its treatment of the response of a pre-modern slave society to the humanitarian and economic challenges of the modern world. The response was one of determined defense. "The ideas of a society in which Negroes were released from their subordination and allowed legal equality with whites was so antithetical to the principles on which the slave society rested that it seemed to threaten complete social dissolution and chaos," an observation that will come as no surprise to students of our own secessionist South. Historians who are inclined to bemoan the Civil War, however, on the ground that slavery in this country was already on the verge of dwindling away, might well ponder the intensity and success with which slavery was defended and preserved in the British Leeward Islands.

The defense of this system saw the cultivation of a new equality and unity among the remaining whites, which contributed greatly to the ability of a white minority of 8,400 to dominate approximately 2,700 free Negroes and 83,000 slaves. Eventually, concessions to the free Negro also aided in the maintenance of a practically bankrupt labor system that was by no means yet on the verge of dissolution from within.

In 1833, pressure from the mother country brought about the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, a pressure which was never adequate, however, so long as it was primarily dependent upon humanitarian considerations. Only when the high costs of slave production were recognized as an economic burden to the empire was destruction decreed, the islands themselves proving far too disunited and weak and dependent upon the Empire to resist forcefully.

It was a final irony that the economic benefits of emancipation did not accrue to the slaves but to the planters who had so strongly resisted. The destruction of slavery revived their failing sugar industry by providing both compensation, which paid off long-standing debts, and a vast supply of free labor that could be exploited with all the ruthlessness and efficiency of the market place. On the other hand, the conceding of equal rights to free Negroes a short time earlier, in return for their endorsement of slavery, enabled the freed slaves of the Leeward Islands to move quickly and easily into a position of legal and political equality. It is Miss Goveia's hope that this one advantage may provide a basis for solving the economic and racial problems that continue to plague that region.

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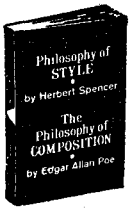

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Hinterland III: Pacific Coast

JULIUS NOVICK

Among the postwar resident professional theatres, three in particular hacked out a path for the rest: the Alley Theatre in Houston, the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., and—most admired, least imitated—the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco. These three began early, when the going was hardest, and they survived by making perseverance and devotion the substitutes for more tangible resources; later, they were among the earliest recipients of Ford Foundation grants that enabled them (and, still later, other theatres) to entrench themselves and to expand. The Cleveland Play House and one or two others had been in existence long before, but they were isolated phenomena; it took the Alley, the Arena and the Workshop to show that resident professional theatre was possible even in America.

Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, two teachers at San Francisco State College, began that Actor's Workshop in 1952, in a loft behind a judo academy. They had in mind a private studio, a workshop, in which to experiment; the results of their experiments were shown, now and then, to a few invited guests. Gradually they turned their attention to the public, "went Equity," and rented two theatres in downtown San Francisco. But they retained something of a studio attitude: they had work that they wished to do, and those who shared their tastes could come and see them do it. They wanted a large audience, but were afraid of being corrupted by it; they raised money and peddled subscriptions, but their heart wasn't in it. Many people found them self-righteous; Blau in particular was given to venting his mind in pompous manifestos which won him few friends.

On the other hand, "There are occasions," as Blau says, "when the theatre must do its work against what passes for common consent, to appear to say, 'to hell with society!' " This service the Workshop has performed. It has been distinguished for the rigor of its principles and the fidelity with which it has held to them. If it has made compromises, they were small compromises made with great agonizing. It has never sought merely to please its audience. Most theatres do at least one lollipop a year—Coward, Kaufman and Hart, Murray Schisgal, if not an outright piece of Broadway merchandise. Almost alone among the residential professional theatres, the Workshop has done no lollipops at all.

Instead, it has specialized in Brecht, in the Absurdists and in other "difficult" writers. Many of these are now standard fare in the resident theatres, which *Variety* has called "the Beckett and Pinter circuit," but the Workshop was presenting them when no one else would dare. Blau and Irving gave the American premières of, among other plays, Brecht's *Mother Courage*, Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* by John Arden. It can be argued that a less adventurous

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repertory might have done as good or better service for the people of San Francisco, but by introducing these plays the Workshop made itself a force in the American theatre.

The results of this combination of courage, high principles, high standards and bad public relations can be imagined. Though the Workshop was widely admired outside San Francisco, though it enlisted the support of the Ford Foundation, though it sent a production of *Waiting for Godot* to New York and to the Brussels World's Fair, its existence was always precarious because it never developed a solid base of financial support from its community. The city government made it an appropriation from time to time—something very few cities have been willing to do for their theatres—but this was never enough to make up for the lack of both a large subscription audience and a few rich patrons.

And so it is understandable that when Blau and Irving were asked to take over the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in January, 1964, they should have accepted; San Francisco had done very little for them. They canceled the rest of their San Francisco season and lit out for New York, leaving Kenneth Kitch, a young member of the company, as their successor at the Workshop, to keep it alive if he could. But what was there to keep alive? The Workshop had existed only as the lengthened shadow of Blau and Irving. Furthermore, they had taken with them to New York most of the leading Workshop actors (as well as the entire front-office staff, right down to the bookkeeper).

Nevertheless, Kitch went ahead. He hired as artistic director a 26-year-old Harvard man named John Hancock, and last July the Workshop reopened with *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More* by Tennessee Williams, directed by Hancock. The author came out to San Francisco to attend rehearsals and do rewrites; the production got a great deal of attention and did excellent business. On the strength of this success, Kitch and Hancock announced their 1965-66 subscription season; Brecht's *Edward II* (an American première), Saul Bellow's *The Last Analysis*, Molière's *Don Juan*, Strindberg's *The Father* and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In addition, they scheduled a nonsubscription series of weekend productions in their smaller theatre: several new plays, including one by an inmate at San Quentin, and the American première of Boris Vian's *The Empire Builders*.

It was an adventurous program in the Workshop tradition. Yet the new directors are more conscious than their predecessors were of the need for good public relations, and more interested in the techniques of ticket selling. For their first season they sold 5,100 subscriptions; this is not an impressive number, considering the Bay Area's population and its reputation as a cultural center (in Seattle, with no such reputation and a much smaller population, the local repertory theatre had almost 13,000 subscribers this season), but it is more than Blau and Irving ever succeeded in selling.

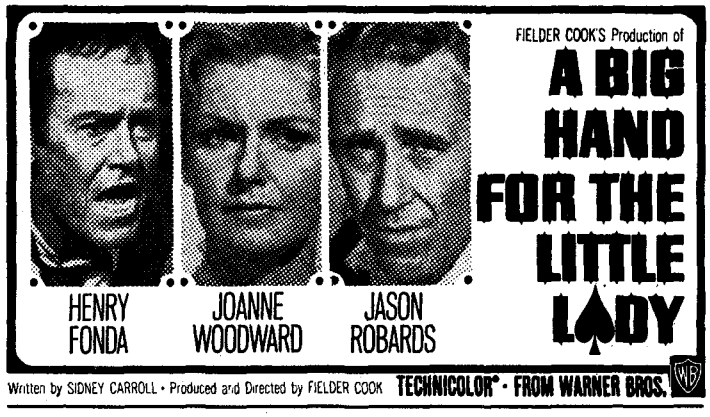
Then last December came another crisis: in spite of good reviews and good business, the Workshop ran out of money. The directors announced that unless $50,000 was raised "within the next few days," the Workshop would close its doors permanently. At the last minute, an anonymous benefactor came through with the final $20,000; the Workshop was saved, and the directors promised no more crises, ever again.

Upon my arrival in San Francisco, I was confronted by John Hancock's strange version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with sets and costumes by the Pop artist Jim Dine. As the play began, a tarpaulin was jerked off a large object prominently placed downstage right, revealing a gaudily lit-up juke box which emitted Mendelssohn (and Mahler) at intervals throughout the evening. Hippolyta, Theseus' captive mistress, wore only a loincloth, a bra, a great deal of black body make-up, some chains, a sullen expression and perhaps a wig; she played her first scene in a cage. Demetrius, one of the interchangeable youths, had a light bulb in his codpiece which flashed on and off whenever he was feeling amorous. And Helena, a maiden, was played by a man 6 feet 4 inches tall.

These innovations were lively and theatrical; they got laughs; they "worked." But, surprisingly enough, they were not just gimmicks, not mere effusions of irresponsible cleverness, not simple futzing around; they were the expression of a consistent artistic intention. The intention was not, of course, Shakespeare's. Jan Kott has pointed out an element of sexual grotesquerie in the play that most directors ignore, but Hancock went whooping and hollering off to the opposite extreme, and scribbled grotesquerie all over what is, after all, an essentially lyrical work. Shakespeare wrote it as an epithalamium, a marriage song. It shows that love is productive of foolishness, confusion, even cruelty and grief; but in the play's scheme these things are transitory. Shakespeare's mockery is affectionate; it does not deny the validity of what is mocked, and the play ends with a powerful blessing on the marriage bed.

In the Workshop production lyricism was exposed as fraudulent, and love was revealed as half itch and half obsession. Mendelssohn was mocked by the juke box, Demetrius' romantic raptures by the blinking bulb in his crotch. And Hancock's mockery was for keeps. No amount of blessing — particularly not from the Workshop's distinctly *louche* bunch of fairies — is going to straighten out the marriage bed of a 6 foot 4 inch male Helena. Shakespeare says, "Jack shall have Jill, naught shall go ill"; Hancock said that the course of true sex never did run smooth.

The Workshop production was a denial of the play, a rebuttal, a parody, a blasphemy; it was an anti-*Midsummer Night's Dream*—and a brilliant one, perhaps the most theatrically exciting piece of work I saw on my travels. And since it propounded with consistency and clarity (as well as vividness and wit) the notion that man's sexuality makes him ridiculous and grotesque and betrays his pre-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tensions to high-mindedness and beauty, it also fulfilled Matthew Arnold's grand old criterion for a work of art; it was a criticism of life. It was a criticism of Shakespeare as well, but Shakespeare can stand it. The theatre has this advantage, that though one director may decide, for good or bad reasons, to paint a mustache on the "Mona Lisa," the next director will find the masterpiece as good as new.

Furthermore, no other prudent course was open to Hancock if he was to do this script at all. His company is simply not well schooled enough to present the play adequately in the conventional lyrical manner; on the whole it was very wise of him to use all his tricks to distract our attention from the acting. If the Workshop is to survive on anything much more than its director's virtuosity, it needs better actors. Hancock professes himself aware of the problem; it remains to be seen whether he can do anything about it.

It is often said (though not by me) that the best directing is the least obtrusive. John Hancock, in the tradition of Reinhardt, Meierhold and Tyrone Guthrie, is clearly not letting this worry him unduly. Down the peninsula at Palo Alto, however, the on-campus professional Repertory Theatre of Stanford University completed its first season this spring, and there I saw a production of *All's Well That Ends Well* in which the direction was so unobtrusive as to be almost nonexistent. The young people in the two leading parts simply spoke their lines clearly, moved around in a more or less appropriate manner, and left it at that. Associate Professor William Sharp of Stanford, who was credited with the direction in the program, appeared to have had no views about what these ambiguous characters think and feel and mean and are, about what really goes on in this difficult "problem comedy," about what it is supposed to do to the audience, about what it's *for*. Certain plays, perhaps, are lucid and accessible enough to survive such treatment—or such lack of treatment—but *All's Well* is not one of them.

The Stanford Repertory Theatre is one of a number of American experiments in bringing professional theatre to the campus. The Equity actors at Stanford also teach, and direct and act in student productions. In turn, graduate students in acting, directing and designing, work on the professional productions; several (too many perhaps) were in the cast of *All's Well*. The Rockefeller Foundation has granted the new company $100,000 a year for its first three years, and the university makes up whatever deficit remains. Robert Loper, the producing director of the theatre, is also the executive head of Stanford's Department of Speech and Drama, but he insists that the theatre is for the entire area, not just the university community; Stanford students and faculty combined make up only 15 per cent of its audience.

Perhaps *All's Well* was not typical of the kind of work being done at Stanford. The theatre's production of *Prometheus Bound*—not an easy script—was greatly admired. Already it has taken a chance with a new play, *The Questions*, by John Hawkes. Professor Loper is an intelligent man, and seems more interested in the outside world than are many academics. He may be able to overcome, somehow, the idyllic, palm-studded, country-club isolation of the Stanford campus. He has already imported some fine actors: even in *All's Well*, Paul E. Richards interrupted the pervasive boredom with his vigorously amusing braggart Parolles, and Glenn Cannon coped valiantly with the most discouraging of all of Shakespeare's clowns. It would be pleasant to think that all that foundation money was not being wasted, and that genuine theatrical life was stirring amidst all those palms.

In Los Angeles, the local theatre is also connected with a university, but the association is much looser. The Theatre Group of Los Angeles was founded in 1959 under the sponsorship of the extension program at UCLA, to employ for serious theatrical ends some of the many talented people attracted to the area by the movie and television industries. It is not tied in to the university's Theatre Arts Department, and the university takes no financial responsibility for it. Like the Stanford group, it puts on its shows in university buildings, but can use them only when they are not required for other purposes; this necessitates at both universities a limited and somewhat sporadic production schedule. But while Stanford is planning to build a new theatre on campus for the exclusive use of its professional company, the Theatre Group is leaving UCLA. It has recently been named the official resident theatre company of the new Music Center, Los Angeles' answer to Lincoln Center, and in the fall of 1967 will move into a 2,150-seat proscenium house and a 750-seat thrust-stage theatre at the Center. (This will give it the largest seating capacity of any resident theatre in the country.) At that time, it will give up casting each production *ad hoc*, and become a genuine resident company.

From the beginning the Theatre Group has been bold in its choice of plays, and successful in persuading people to come to them. Last season it even scheduled one of the world's all-time, all-star audience losers, a bill of one-act plays by W. B. Yeats, which played to 74 per cent of capacity; no other production that season fell below 90 per cent. For its current season, which began this June (the Group is one of the few resident theatres that operate during the summer), it will present *Next Time I'll Sing to You* by James Saunders (a success in London, a failure off-Broadway); the musical version of *Candide* (a Broadway failure); Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and Sartre's *The Flies*.

The Theatre Group's production of Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, a big hit in Los Angeles last summer, was the first resident-theatre production in recent history to be booked for a coast-to-coast tour of road-show theatres in major cities. The Group was between seasons when I was in Los Angeles, but I caught up with *The Deputy* in Chicago. After the Los Angeles run several actors had left the cast, but the production had been recast and re-rehearsed by Gordon Davidson, the original director (who is also the managing director of the Theatre Group), so it can fairly be taken as a sample of the Group's work.

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is independent of the New York talent pool, but judging from *The Deputy* that is not much of an advantage. Hochhuth's hero (an idealistic young priest who goes around telling various church officials that the Nazis are killing the Jews) is a little on the simple-minded side at the best of times, but Robert Brown played him as Jack Armstrong in a cassock. No less than three actors in prominent parts, Brown included, had difficulty pronouncing the letter "s," and some strenuously hackneyed emoting was going on. The play was strongly and imaginatively staged, with a very effective use of sound and light, and it was well designed by Peter Wexler; but it would appear — on the admittedly inconclusive evidence of one production a long way from home — that Davidson has a tin ear for acting.

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A somewhat similar problem exists in Seattle, although affairs at the Seattle Repertory Theatre are rather complicated. The SRT was started by a group of Seattle citizens who were stimulated by the availability of a splendid 800-seat theatre left over from the Seattle World's Fair. Stuart Vaughan, who had been the artistic director of the New York Shakespeare Festival and the Phoenix Theatre, was brought out to be artistic director of the new organization, and on November 13, 1964, the company Vaughan recruited opened in *King Lear*.

From the first the SRT has been a true repertory theatre, presenting as many as four or five different productions during a single week. Vaughan's choice of plays was unexceptionably solid, with an emphasis on Shakespeare; the SRT has been explicitly a classic theatre. This season, for instance, it put on *Julius Caesar, Long Day's Journey, The Importance of Being Earnest, Heartbreak House, Galileo,* a special Christmas play called *The Tinder Box, Ah, Wilderness!, The Cherry Orchard, Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*.

Before the theatre opened, it had 9,000 subscribers. In its second season it had almost 12,000, the fourth largest subscription audience in the entire resident professional theatre movement; for its third season, just past, the number of subscribers increased again. Overall attendance has also gone steadily upward. And yet, in December of last year, the SRT board of trustees suddenly dismissed Stuart Vaughan from the theatre he had brought into being.

It used to be that a theatre was founded by a fanatic who suffered for it, nursed it with his lifeblood, and became inextricable from it. But as the resident theatre movement spreads, more and more theatres are being founded by groups of citizens, without theatrical training or talent themselves, who have decided that theatre is a good thing for their town, and who raise money and import an artistic director from New York to create a company and to run it. The citizens retain the veto power over the artists, and sometimes — as in Seattle — they use it.

On these occasions partisans of the fired director will complain that the board is a bunch of rich, interfering amateurs who want to "play theatre," and the proponents of the board will insist that the fired director was at fault. Bagley Wright, the president of the Seattle board, maintains that Vaughan had no conception of teamwork, that it was a mistake for Vaughan to act as well as direct, that there are two other directors with the company who got better performances out of the actors than Vaughan could, that the subscribers were complaining, and that though Vaughan had done a lot for the company, a new artistic director was needed if it was to improve. Others complained that ten productions in a season were simply too many, even if four were revivals from the previous season. Allen Fletcher, whom the board appointed to succeed Vaughan, has arranged for next season a schedule of six productions, with no revivals from past seasons. One actor with the company told me that under Vaughan they had been "drowning in the mud of classicism"; be this as it may, Fletcher's first season will consist of plays by Arthur Miller, Brendan Behan, Noel Coward, Friedrich Duerrenmatt and Tennessee Williams, plus one (1) classic still to be named.

When I was in Seattle this spring Vaughan had been gone two months, but the company he had chosen was still there, sedulously adhering to the schedule he had laid out. Brecht's *Galileo,* which Vaughan was to have directed, was staged instead by the acting artistic director, Pirie MacDonald, who had been Vaughan's second in command. Much of the acting in it was mediocre in various ways, but the production was redeemed by Thomas Hill's good, strong Galileo. *Twelfth Night* was a revival of Vaughan's 1964 production, redirected by MacDonald; it had a reasonably good group of comedians (although the Malvolio tended to gabble indistinctly when he got excited), but Viola and Orsino had little lyricism and less ardor. Shaw's *Heartbreak House,* the production Vaughan was directing when he was fired, was three and a half hours of tedium when I saw it. Most of the actors flourished and brandished their elaborately phony characterizations like small boys in a shower room trying unsuccessfully to snap one another with heavy, soggy bath towels. Two actresses in major roles had maddeningly grating voices; when, after a long conversation, they were joined by a third actress who had a tense delivery and a pronunciation problem, I was strongly tempted to flee.

The SRT has a lot going for it, mainly things that money can buy: a handsome, good-sized, well-equipped theatre, a large company, lavishly mounted (and very good-looking) productions. Its annual budget is somewhere around $470,000, its board expects a deficit and is prepared to raise whatever money is necessary. It has in addition a large audience willing to commit itself in advance. What it desperately needs, judging from the work I saw, is what most of the resident theatres need: more good actors. With a new and widely respected artistic director and all that money, it would seem to be in a good position to get them.

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